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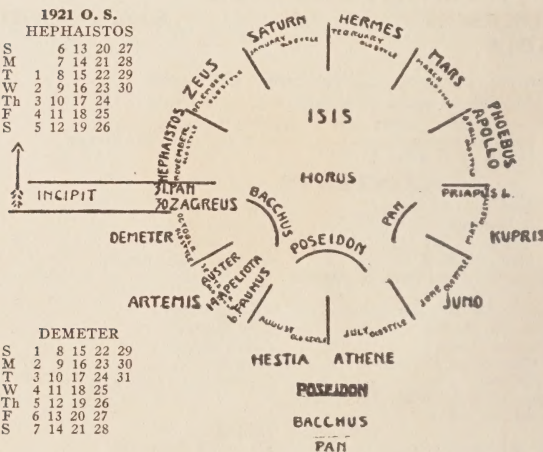
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ORGUE DE BARBARIE—

LE rire de la luzerne boit mon rire
avec innocence, comme un autre
et les ombres fontaines
en bleu, rouge, vert,
reflètent les verres de couleur
qui ornent mon cœur.

Être gais ensemble, comme de l'eau,
forme un rêve ambitieux et stupide
je viens de voir une beauté différente,
un feuilleton substantiel
où l'on grimpe les après-midi
lentement, comme un homme
écorché au doigt.

Figure toi un homme embêté
de l'amélioration des routes,
de la victoire de la Marne,
et qui n'aimerait que les plafonds
du Palais des Doges!
un artiste trépignant,
un artiste usé par son poids
grand et maigre.

Chaque jour ressemble à l'autre,
chaque jour est un petit balcon,
chaque jour est un petit plumeau
—ou un ours blanc,
plus ou moins commode à lire;
crème fouettée
dans les nuages du monde civilisé,
je suis gaiement poète, Don Quichotte
des applaudissements.

*Je regarde le ciel,
le ciel ressemble aux cimetières
j'aimerais un cimetière
sur un bateau,
les croix seraient des voiles
et le gouvernail placé devant,
ressemblerait à une momie égyptienne.*

*Je voudrais avoir un nouvel ami
pour dire des choses incompréhensibles
mon cerveau est si grand
et le monde si petit!*

*Les clair-de-lune gaiement mélancoliques,
voltigent autour de l'enthousiasme
des peuples;
c'est le mirage agréable,
le soleil culotte la peau,
la lune le coeur.*

*Je suis arrivé à la croyance
qu'une belle gueule
brille
comme une m. . . .
nourrie à une bonne table.*

*Les bandits ont le goût des omnibus,
Narcisse aimait le cidre,
moi, j'aime le bois de Boulogne.
Les livres que nous aimons le plus
sont ceux qu'on ne lit pas
Sangsues, ventouses,
je vous souhaite tout ce que vous voudrez,
un épouvantable chagrin
et, tout cela, au son des orgues de Barbarie.*

FRANCIS PICABIA

VACATION IN BRITANY

KING OR KANGAROO KING OR YELLOW.
KING OR MARIE CLAIRE SUGGESTS A
MEADOW. AND THE USE OF THOUGHT

BY THE SEA

BY the sea inland smell the goose, by the figs George buy the figs. By the crown, Sylvester has the crown and glory constant glory. And in the midst of the speed in the rising of the stones stones do not rise of themselves unless they are made to resemble the wood in the midst of stones and salt can we can we declare when a house was built. A house is built either in the shape of a lamb of a heart or of a bush. And almost immediately the walls scale. They whiten and the sun changes chinese red to blue.

Immerse yourself.

LEAVES ME LEAVES ME

Why can you muster men and birds. Why can you whistle so shyly. And why do you mention harm. No eyes can make thirds and no rabbits can cheer. It does them good to be sold. Who sells hens. Connect the impression that earliness and repetition and even octagons are necessary to families. Families really need a fern. Ferns are really seen by their leaves. Whole dogs have trimming. They trim their size. One cannot be merry in peace. And in war. Who can care to wear what is there and in there. Who can carry a nest to the hay. Who can say yes how do you do yesterday. Can you have lettuce, can you have the best figs in a servant.

To serve in a sieve and a saint. To paint and to see all the sea. To see electricity.

CONSCIENCE

Racket is a noise. Noise is a poise. Boys with the b spelled like a p is poise. Boys is poise.

And then I read the men. Men say. Leave me and be gay. Men say tenderness to-day. Men say go away.

And leave me.

A potato field and the promised land. It is a very pleasant burning smell.

Armandine Armandine yesterday noon. Armandine Armandine what is the tune.

Devotion. What is devotion. He is devoted to that. She is devout. And an opening. An opening is covered by Cæsars. Sharp wire. Do sharpen wire. Devotion. Devotion is determined by design.

When this you see remember me.

I do mean to replace crockery with furniture. I do mean to organise victory. I do mean to say grace.

I am not a bar tender.

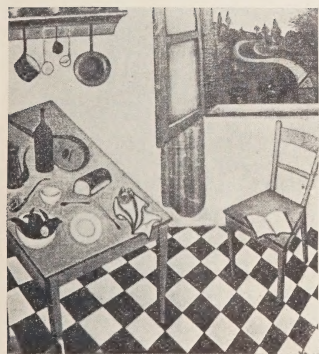
Automatically but not silently.

Little fool little stool little fool for me. Little stool little fool little stool for me. And what is a stool. That was the elegant name for a cow. Little stool little fool little stool for me. Little fool little stool for me.

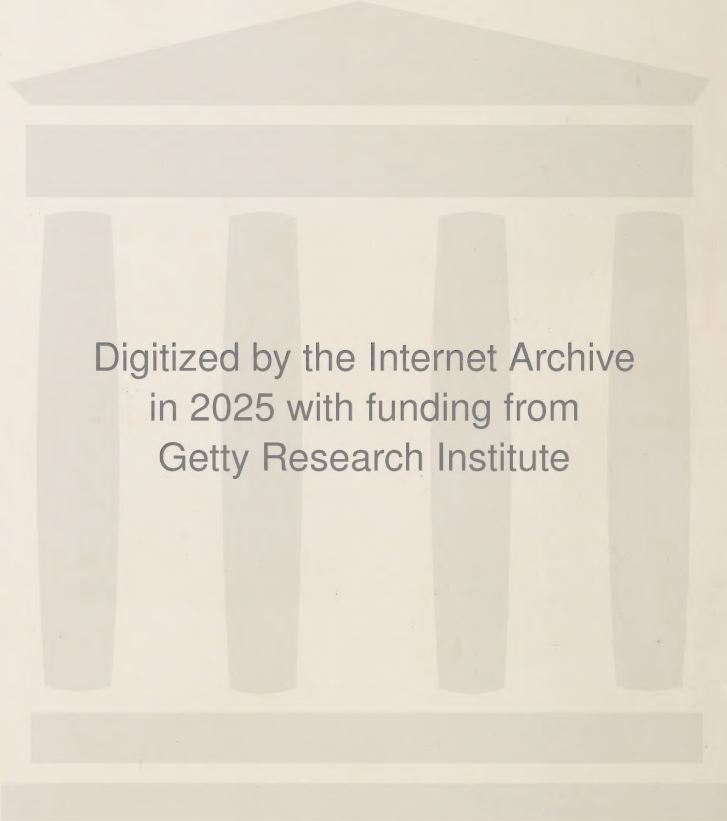
Let us let us conscience.

Let us let us conscientiously renounce the sense of reticence.

GERTRUDE STEIN



PAINTINGS
"CHRISTIAN"



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AESTHETIC MEDITATIONS*

ON PAINTING THE CUBIST PAINTERS

FIRST SERIES

Pablo Picasso—Georges Braque—Jean Metzinger—Albert
Gleizes—Juan Gris—Mlle. Marie Laurencin—Fernand
Leger—Francis Picabia—Marcel Duchamp—
Duchamp-Villon, etc.

I

THE plastic virtues: purity, unity and truth hold nature downed beneath their feet.

In vain the rainbow is bent, the seasons vibrate, the crowds rush on to death, science undoes and remakes that which already exists, whole worlds withdraw forever from our conception, our transitory images repeat themselves or revive their unconsciousness, and the colours, odours, sounds which follow astonish us,—then disappear from nature.



This monster of beauty is not eternal.

We know that our breath has had no beginning, and will have no end, but we conceive first of all the creation and the end of the world.

Nevertheless, too many artists still adore plants, stones, the wave, or men.

One quickly becomes accustomed to the bondage of the mysterious. And this servitude ends by creating soft leisure.

One allows the labourer to dominate the universe, and gardeners have less respect for nature than the artists.

It is time to be the masters. Good will does not insure victory.

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Translated by Mrs. Charles Knoblauch, for the Société Anonyme.

The mortal forms of love dance on this side of eternity, and the name of nature sums up their accursed discipline.



The flame is the symbol of painting, and the three plastic virtues radiate in burning.

The flame is of a purity which tolerates nothing alien, and cruelly transforms in its own image that which it touches.

The flame has a magic unity—if it is divided, each spark is like unto the single flame.

It has, finally, the sublime truth of its own light, which nobody can deny.



In spite of natural forces the virtuous artist painters of this occidental epoch contemplate their purity.

It is forgetfulness after study. And, if a pure artist should ever die it would be necessary that all those of the past ages should not have existed.

In the occult, painting purifies itself with this ideal logic which the old painters have transmitted to the new as if they had given them life.

And that is all.

One lives in delight, another in pain; some devour their heritage, others become rich, and still others have nothing but life.

And that is all.

No one can carry his father's body about everywhere with him. He abandons it to the company of the other dead. And he remembers it, regrets it, speaks of it with admiration. And, if he becomes a father himself, he must not expect any of his children to multiply themselves for the life of his corpse.

But, it is in vain that our feet detach themselves from the soil which holds the dead.



To contemplate purity is to baptise instinct, to humanize art, and to deify personality.

The root, the stalk and the flower of the lily show the progress of purity to its symbolic bloom.



All bodies are equal before the light and their modifications come from this luminous power which moulds them according to its will.

We do not know all the colours, and each man invents new ones.

But the painter must, above all, become himself the spectator of his own divinity, and the pictures which he offers to the admiration of men will confer upon them also the glory of exercising for the moment their own divinity.

For this it is necessary to embrace at a glance the past, present and future.

The canvas should present that essential unity which alone can produce ecstasy.

Then, nothing transient will be dashed off at random. We will not suddenly be turning backwards. Free spectators, we will not give up our life because of our curiosity. The salt smugglers of appearances will not be able to pass our statues of salt before the custom house of reason.

We will not go astray in the unknown future, which, separated from eternity, is only a word designed to tempt man.

We will not exhaust ourselves seizing the too fugitive present, for fashion after all can only be for the artist the mask of death.



The picture will exist inevitably. The vision will be entire, complete, and its infinity, instead of marking an imperfection, will only bring out the relation between a new creature and a new creator, only this and nothing more. Otherwise there will be no unity, and the connection which the different points of the canvas have with different geniuses, with different objects, with different lights, will show only a multiplicity of inharmonious dissimilarities.

For, if there can be an infinite number of creatures, each one attesting its creator, with no creation to block the extent of those

coexistences, it is impossible to conceive of them at one and the same time, and death is the result of their juxtaposition, of their mingling, of their love.

Each divinity creates after his own image: so too, the painters. And it is only photographers who manufacture reproductions of nature.



Neither purity nor unity count without the truth, which cannot be compared to reality, since truth is always the same, outside all nature, which exerts itself to hold us within the fatal order of things wherein we are only animals.



Above all, artists are men who wish to become inhuman.

They seek painfully the traces of inhumanity, traces which are never found in nature.

These are the real truths, and beyond them we know no reality.



But reality is never discovered once and for all. The truth will always be new.

Otherwise, truth would be a system even more miserable than nature.

In this case, the deplorable truth, every day more distant, less distinct, less real, would reduce painting to a state of plastic writing destined simply to facilitate the relations between peoples of the same race.

In our day, a machine would quickly be invented which without comprehension reproduced such signs.

II

Many of the new painters paint only pictures which have no actual subject. And the titles which one finds in the catalogues play merely the role of the names which designate men without characterising them.

I have seen canvases entitled: *Solitude*, where there were several people, just as there are Mr. Stouts who are very thin, and Mr. Blonds who are very dark.

In the cases in question, the artists even condescend occasionally to make use of vaguely explicative words, such as *portrait*, *landscape*, *still life*; many, however, of the young artists use only the general term, *painting*.

These painters, even if they still observe nature, no longer imitate her, and they carefully avoid the representation of natural scenes studiously observed and reconstructed.

Actual resemblance no longer has any importance because everything is sacrificed by the artist to the verities, to the necessities of a superior nature which he presupposes without exposing. The subject no longer counts, or if it counts at all, counts for very little.

Generally speaking, modern art repudiates most of the means of pleasing which were used by the great artists of past times.

Today, as formerly, the aim of painting is still the pleasure of the eye, but the demand henceforward made upon the amateur is to find a pleasure other than the one which the spectacle of natural things could just as well provide.



Thus one travels towards an entirely new art, which compared to painting as it has been looked upon heretofore, shall be what music is to literature.

It will be the essence of painting, just as music is the essence of literature.

The amateur of music experiences, in listening to a concert, joy of a different order from the joy he feels in listening to natural sounds, like the murmur of a stream, the roar of a torrent, the whistling of the wind in a forest, or the harmonies of human language founded on reason and not on æsthetics.

In the same way, the new painters will provide their admirers with artistic sensations due solely to the harmony of odd lights.

Everyone knows Pliny's anecdote of Appelles and Protogenes.

It demonstrates clearly the æsthetic pleasure resulting solely from this odd combination of which I have spoken.

Appelles landed one day on the Isle of Rhodes to see the works of Protogenes, who lived there. Protogenes was not in his studio when Appelles arrived. An old woman was there guarding a large canvas ready to be painted. Instead of leaving his name, Appelles drew on the canvas a line so delicate that nothing subtler could be conceived.

On his return Protogenes, seeing the drawn line, recognized the hand of Appelles, and traced thereupon a line of another color even more subtle, in such a way that there appeared to be three.

Appelles came back again the next day, without finding him whom he sought, and the subtlety of the line he drew that day reduced Protogenes to despair. This sketch was for a long time the admiration of connoisseurs who viewed it with as much pleasure as if gods and goddesses had been depicted instead of almost invisible tracings.



The secret aim of the young artists of the extreme schools is to produce pure painting. It is an entirely new plastic art. It is still in its first stage, and is not yet as abstract as it would like to be. Most of the young painters work a great deal with mathematics without knowing it, but they have not yet abandoned nature whom they patiently question so that she may teach them the way of life.

A Picasso studies an object as a surgeon dissects a body.

This art of pure painting, if it succeeds in disengaging itself entirely from the ancient school of painting, will not necessarily cause such painting to disappear, any more than the development of music has caused the disappearance of different kinds of literature, or than the acidity of tobacco has replaced the savour of food.

III

The new artists have been violently reproached for their geometric preoccupations. And yet, geometric figures are the essence of drawing. Geometry, the science which has for its scope space, its measurement and its relations, has been from time immemorial the rule even of painting.

Up till now, the three dimensions of the euclidean geometry have sufficed for the solicitude which the sentiment of the infinite arouses in the soul of great artists.

The new painters do not propose, any more than did the old, to be geometricians. But, it may be said that geometry is to the plastic arts what grammar is to the art of the writer. Today scholars no longer hold to the three dimensions of the euclidean geometries. The painters have been led quite naturally and, so to speak, by intuition, to preoccupy themselves with possible new measures of space, which, in the language of modern studios has been designated briefly and altogether by the term the *fourth* dimension.



The fourth dimension as it is presented to the understanding from the plastic point of view would be engendered by the three known dimensions; it would show the immensity of space eternalized in every direction at a given moment. It is space itself, the dimension of the infinite: it is this which endows objects with their plasticity. It gives them the proportions which they merit as a part of the whole, whereas, in Greek art, for example, a somewhat mechanical rhythm unceasingly destroys the proportions.

Greek art had a purely human conception of beauty. It took man as the standard of perfection. The art of the new painters takes the infinite universe as the ideal, and it is this ideal that necessitates a new measure of perfection, which permits the artist to give to the object proportions which conform to the degree of plasticity to which he desired to bring it.

Nietzsche divined the possibility of such an art: "O divine Dionysius, why dost thou pull my ears?" Ariadne demands of

her philosophical lover in one of the celebrated dialogues on *The Isle of Naxos*. "I find something pleasant and agreeable in thy ears, Ariadne. Why are they not still longer?"

Nietzsche when he recalled this anecdote put into the mouth of Dionysius the condemnation of Greek art.

Let us add, in order that today nothing more than an historical interest may attach to the utopian expression:—the fourth dimension—which must be noted and explained, that it was only a manifestation of the aspirations and inquietudes of a large number of young artists contemplating the Egyptian Negro and Oceanian sculptures, meditating on the works of science, and awaiting a sublime art.

IV

Wishing to attain to the proportions of the ideal, not limiting themselves to humanity, the young painters offer us works which are more cerebral than sensual. To express the grandeur of metaphysical forms, they withdraw further and further from the former art of optical illusions and local proportions. This is why the present art, even if it is not the direct emanation of determined religious beliefs, presents nevertheless several characteristics of the Great Art, that is to say, of religious art.

V

It is the social function of the great poets and the great painters to renew unceasingly the appearance which nature assumes in the eyes of men.

Without the poets, without the artists, men would quickly tire of the monotony of natural phenomena.

The sublime idea which they have of the universe would come tumbling down with a vertiginous rapidity.

The order which appears in nature and which is only an effect of art would immediately vanish. Everything would break up in chaos. No more seasons, no more civilisation, no more thought, no more humanity, no more of life itself; impotent obscurity would reign forever. By mutual consent the poets

and the artists determine the features of their epoch and docilely the future falls in with their plan.

The general structure of an Egyptian mummy conforms to the figures outlined by the Egyptian artists, and yet the ancient Egyptians differed greatly the one from the other. They have conformed to the art of their epoch.

To create the illusion—the type—is the real quality of art, its social role. God knows how the pictures of Manet and Renoir were mocked! Very well! It suffices to cast an eye upon the photographs of their epoch to see how the people and things conform to the pictures which these great artists have painted.

The works of art being, from the plastic point of view the most energetic products of a period, this illusion appears to me quite natural. This energy imposes itself on men and is for them the plastic measure of an epoch. Thus, those who mock the new painters make fun of their own features, for the people of the future will picture to themselves the human beings of today as they have been represented by the artists of the most vital, that is to say, the newest art. Do not say to me that there are today other artists who paint in such a way that mankind will recognize itself as portrayed in their image. All the works of art of an epoch end by resembling the most expressive, the most typical, art of that period. Dolls are the outlet of a popular art, they seem always to be inspired by the great art of the same epoch. This is a truth easy to verify. And yet who would dare to say that the dolls which were sold in the bazaars about 1880 had been manufactured with a sentiment analogous to that of Renoir when he painted his portraits? Then, nobody noticed it. It signifies, nevertheless, that the art of Renoir was energetic enough, vital enough to impose itself on our senses, while to the great public at the same time when he started his conceptions appeared to be mad absurdities.

VI

One has often, and notably in the case of the most recent painters, been confronted by the possibility of a mystification or of a collective error.

But no one knows, in all the history of art, of a single collective mystification any more than of a collective artistic error. There are isolated cases of mystification and of error, but the conventional elements of which in part the works of art are composed assure us that errors would not know how to exist collectively.

If the new school of painting had presented us with one of these cases, it would be an event so extraordinary that it could be called a miracle. To conceive a case of this sort would be to conceive that suddenly, in a nation all the children should be born without heads or with only one arm or leg, a conception evidently absurd. There are not collective errors or mystifications in art. There are only divers epochs—divers schools of art. If the end pursued by each one is not equally elevated, equally pure, all are equally respectable, and according to the ideas which each has of beauty, each school of art is successively admired, despised and again admired.

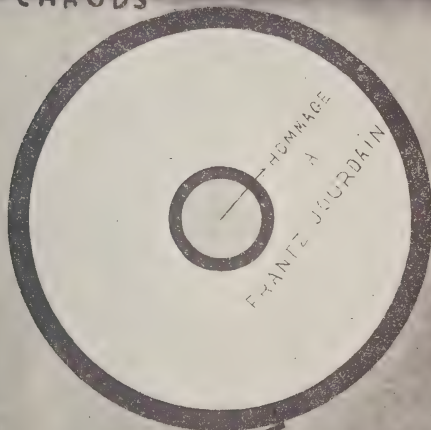
VII

The new school of painting bears the name of Cubism; it was so called in derision by Henri Matisse who in the autumn of 1908 had just seen a picture representing houses, the cubic appearance of which had greatly impressed him.

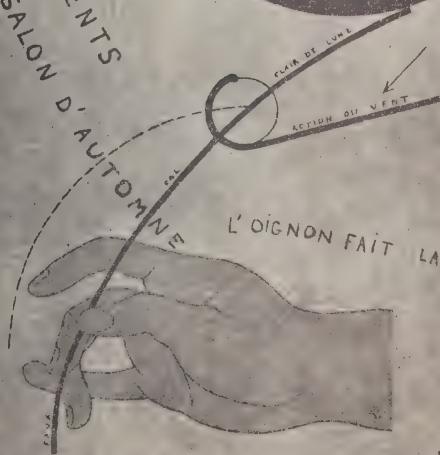
These new æsthetics were first elaborated in the mind of André Derain, but the most important and audacious works which the movement at once produced were those of a great artist, Pablo Picasso, who must also be considered as one of the founders: his inventions strengthened by the good sense of Georges Braque, who exhibited a Cubist picture in the Salon des Indépendants, as early as 1908, were formulated in the studies of Jean Metzinger, who exhibited the first Cubist portrait (it was mine) in the Salon des Indépendants of 1910. Cubist works were also admitted in the same year by the Jury for the Salon d'Automne. It was also in 1910 that the pictures of Robert Delaunay, of Marie Laurencin and of Le Fauconnier, followers of the same school, were exhibited at the Indépendants.

The first general exhibition of Cubism, when its adepts had

LES YEUX CHAUDS

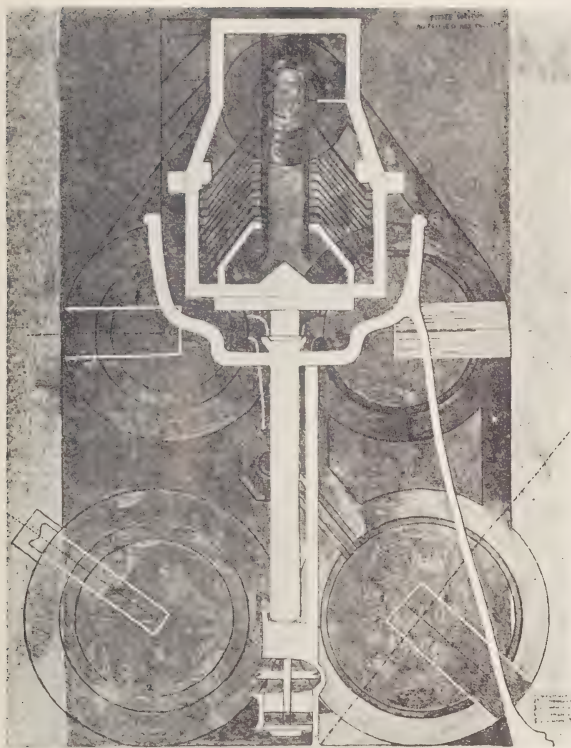


REMERCIEMENTS
AU SALON D'AUTOMNE



L'ONGON FAIT LA FORCE

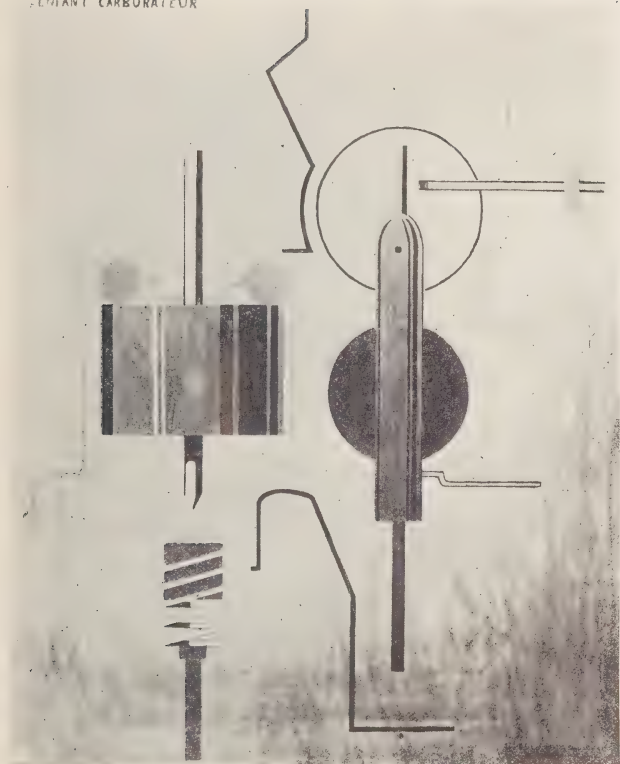
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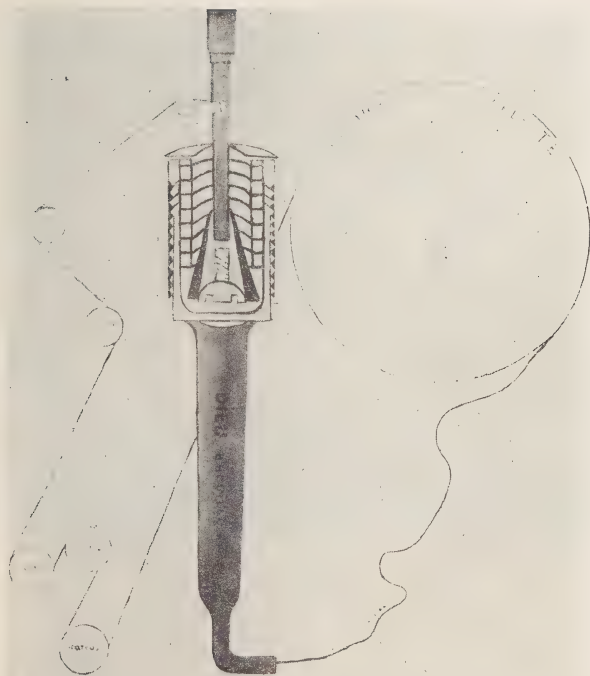


TABEAU PEINT POUR RACONTER NON POUR PROUVER

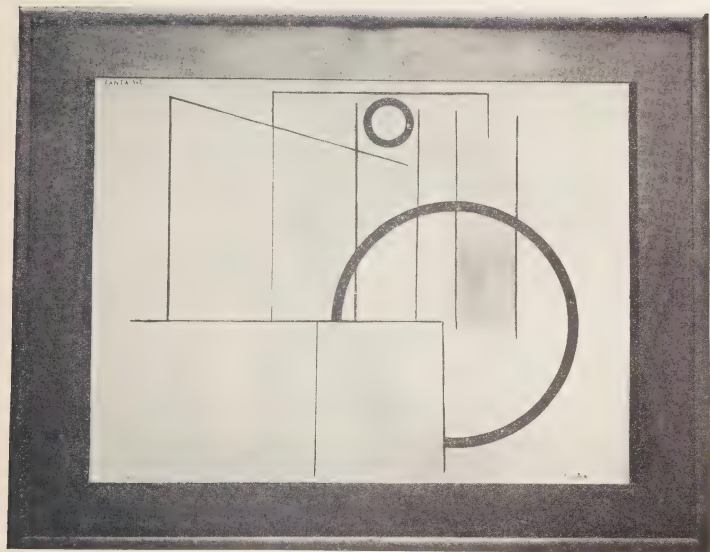
Franklin

ENFANT CARBURATEUR





FRENCH CARPET REPAIR



CANTER



LE SAINT DES SAINTS
C'EST DE MOI QU'IL S'AGIT DANS CE PORTRAIT

become more numerous, took place in 1911 at the Indépendants where Room 41, reserved for the Cubists, produced a profound impression. Here were seen the skillful and seductive works of Jean Metzinger; landscapes, *L'homme Nu* and the *La femme aux Phlox* by Albert Gleizes; the *portrait of Mme. Fernande X . . .* and *Les Jeunes Filles* by Mlle. Marie Laurencin; *La Tour* by Robert Delaunay, *L'Abondance* by Le Fauconnier, *Nus dans un Paysage* by Fernand Leger.

The first foreign exhibition of the Cubists was held in Brussels in the same year, and in the preface of the catalogue to this exhibition I accepted, in the name of the exhibitors, the appellation Cubism, and Cubist.

At the close of the year 1911, the exhibition of Cubists the Salon d'Automme made a considerable noise, ridicule was spared neither Gleizes (*La Chasse, Portrait of Jacques Nayral*) nor to Metzinger (*La Femme à la Cuiller*), nor Fernand Leger. A new painter, Marcel Duchamp, and a sculptor architect, Duchamp-Villon, were added to the group.

Other collective exhibitions took place in November, 1911, at the gallery of Contemporaneous Art, rue Tronchet, Paris; in 1912 the Salon des Indépendants was marked by the advent of Juan Gris. At Barcelona, in the month of May, Spain received the young Frenchman with enthusiasm. Finally in June, at Rouen, at an exhibition organized by the society of Norman Artists, the advent of Francis Picabia was hailed by the new school.



That which differentiates Cubism from the old schools of painting is that it is not an art of painting, but an art of conception which tends to rise to that of creation.

In representing the concept of reality, or the created reality, the painter can give the appearance of three dimensions, he can, so to speak, *cube it*. He cannot do this in rendering simply the reality as seen, unless he makes use of an illusion either in perspective or foreshortening which deforms the quality of the form conceived or created.

In Cubism, as I have analyzed it, four tendencies have manifested themselves. Of which two are parallel and pure.

Scientific cubism is one of the pure tendencies. It is the art of painting new ensembles with elements borrowed, not from the reality of vision, but from the reality of consciousness. Every man has the perception of this inner reality. It is not necessary, for example, to be a man of culture to conceive of a round form.

The geometrical aspect which so vividly impressed those who saw the first scientific canvases came from the fact that the essential reality was given with great purity and that the visual accidents and anecdotes had been eliminated.

The painters who follow this school are: Picasso (although his luminous art belongs also to the other pure tendency of cubism), Georges Braque, Metzinger, Albert Gleizes, Mlle. Laurencin, and Juan Gris. Physical Cubism is the art of painting new ensembles with elements borrowed mostly from the reality of vision. This art is derived, nevertheless, from the constructive discipline of Cubism. It has a great future in the history of painting. Its social rôle is well marked, but it is not a pure art. It confuses the subject with its aspects. Le Fauconnier is the physical Cubist painter who created this tendency.

Orphic Cubism is the other great tendency of Modern Painting.

The last pictures and aquarelles of Cézanne belong to Cubism, but Courbet is the father of the new painters, and André Derain to whom I shall presently return, was the eldest of his best beloved sons, for he originated the movement of the *Fauves* who were a sort of prelude to the Cubists, and he also led the great subjective movement.

It would be too difficult however to write clearly today of a man who voluntarily holds himself aloof from everybody and everything.



The Modern School seems to me the most audacious that has ever been. It has put the question of beauty in itself. It wishes to visualize beauty disengaged from the pleasure which man

causes man, and, since the dawn of historic times no European artist has dared to do that. The new artists must have an ideal beauty which will no longer be merely the proud expression of the species, but the expression of the universe, in so far as it has been humanized in the light. It is the art of painting new ensembles with elements not borrowed from visual realities, but created entirely by the artist and endowed by him with a powerful reality.

The works of the Orphic Artists must present simultaneously a pure aesthetic charm, a construction which strikes beneath the surface and a sublime significance,—that is to say, the subject. It is pure art.

The light from the works of Picasso contains this art, which Robert Delaunay invents on his side and for which Fernand Leger, Francis Picabia and Marcel Duchamp also strive.

Instinctive Cubism, the art of painting new ensembles borrowed not from visual reality but from suggestions made to the artist by instinct and intuition, has long tended to orphism. The instinctive artists lack lucidity and artistic faith. Instinctive Cubism includes a very great number of artists. It sprang from the French Impressionism and now this movement extends all over Europe.



The Art of today clothes its creations with an imposing and monumental aspect, which surpasses in this respect everything that has been conceived by the artists of our age. Ardent in pursuit of beauty, it is noble, energetic, and the reality which it brings us is marvelously clear.

I love the art of today because above all else I love the light, and all men love light,—above all else Man invented fire.

(to be concluded)

GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

extrait de

*cinéma calendrier
du coeur abstrait*

*p*urgatoire annonce la grande saison
le gendarme amour qui pisse si vite
coq et glace se couchent sous l'oeil galant
grande lampe digère vierge marie
rue saint-jacques s'en vont les petits jolis
vers les timbres de l'aurore blanche aorte
l'eau du diable pleure sur ma raison

TRISTAN TZARA.

COCTEAU SALUANT PICABIA

ARBRE lourd allégé d'incendies tunnels ou reine des cieux des siestas brèves. Sur le coup de notre pied un jet d'eau s'agite dans une rue métaphysique comme un fait dont les siècles s'épanouissent en nuit grande ouverte de chair avenir plénitude nue de deuils plus noirs qu'eux sur le diminutif des actes cruels. Les réponses hors le calme du soleil des autres aiment la ville des ennemis pareils à l'oubli des jouissances. Les synthèses de route pullulent, trompe-l'oeil fugitifs des réalités enfouies par les dilettantes qui ignorent nos actes primaires de haine, furent des chaises découvertes.

La haine charbon dans le triangle obscurément libre des anges intellectuels trop rares dans le ciel pur des timbres-poste, oublie les faillites de la bonne qui saute sur les volets des romans.

Nous refusons loin de nous-mêmes l'âme du refus sous nos coudes. N'est-ce pas mon cher Francis?

JEAN COCTEAU

COCTEAU SALUANT TZARA

P ARADIS DÉCOMMANDE LA BELLE JOUR-
NÉE
LE VOLEUR QUI BOIT SI LENTEMENT
POULE ET BRAISE SE LEVENT SUR L'OS
DUR

PETITE OBSCURITÉ VOMIT MESSALINE
O PAINS A CACHER DU COUCHANT NOIR
TRUDAINÉ

LE FEU DIVIN RIAIT SUR MA FOLIE
BÛCHER POUR DAMES SEULES POISON ROYAL
DES AILES

STOCK DE PRESQU'ILES ROUTINE
LES CONSTRUCTEURS À LA DÉRIVE SUR L'ICE-
BERG

OTENT LEURS BOUCHES SCANDALEUSES
SACCAGENT LES FLEURS DE VIANDE
DEFONCENT LE FEU CENTRAL
DISPERSENT LES JEUNES COLONNES

Le langage du rêve est un combat de givre
La cuirasse de Dieu, oursin de diamant,
Plonge en riant: il faut la suivre.

JEAN COCTEAU

SOUTHERN SYNCOPATED SINGERS

LIME'S full moon!
The land coots stalk by on tall fingers.
Birds scream
and steadily march the white ants.

*In the full moon of the limes
the pygmies howl to each other,
notes piercing sweet and wild.*

*Their gods stand darkling round them
and the drums make a heavy tired noise
of large leaves turning.*

*In greasy light
our godhead shines within us thinly.
Clothed in piercing sound
the granite fetishes
brood through sunken eyes.*

JOHN RODKER

KAREN

A NOVEL

THIS woman Karen was a norwegian. She was dressed in heavy men's clothes, the trousers put down into boottops. She was not old, she was not ugly, she was workworn.

She stood looking through a crack in the barn door up at the farmhouse on the hill. Dorothea was dead... Dorothea. The daughters would be coming up to the funeral tomorrow. Dorothea had slipped and fallen on the icy ground. Karen had heard the doctor telling the neighbours at church; but no daughters had come to take care of her. All the week before Dorothea died Karen was tortured with a longing to do something for her. She wished she had the courage to go to her, to offer to serve her, to die for her. But they were fine people, they had not come from her part of the country, there was something about her that made people shun her.

Early in the morning she had begun watching the house up the road. Hours and hours passed and she did not move. A harsh low day outside. Inside the sound of cattle chewing, blowing, sleeping, the smell of hay, wet bran and strong manure. Thoughts scratched across Karen's brain like long thorns or spread out thin and were nothing when she tried to hold them. Only pictures and feelings turned and turned in her mind today. She pictured Dorothea in church...the pastor saying her name twice when he spoke to her...calling her Fru. A little flat white lacepiece on black black hair, thin slant eyes, dark skin, cheekbones, lappblood...reindeer lapp. Jewelry: a carved silver scentbottle, heartshaped with a crown on the top, chain and rings. Long hands folded on the black dress...not listening to the pastor...Dorothea brooding for the old country, filling the church with quiet brooding. She sat beside arrogant redhaired Andreas. Karen did not listen to the pastor either. It was not like church since he had taken off his collar...everything in this new country was the same. She watched Dorothea, she could not take her eyes away. Dorothea always nodded goodday to her. Karen knew that it was

only because she was part of the old country, but no one else ever spoke to her. No one but Dorothea longed back to the old country the way she did, no one but Dorothea had refused to learn one word of english.

Karen cried a little every Sunday after she had been to church. She cried because she had worked like a man, like a slave, ever since she had come to America...to save enough money to go back. It had all become empty...there was no one in the old country like Dorothea. She could not go now. She would miss Dorothea too much, miss the lace cap, the black dress, the silver scentbottle...women's things.

Karen couldn't remember when she had gone out to work. She had never had a woman's dress—old coats of men and trousers and work things. Work is all she had ever known. She had come to America to work as farmhand for some old people. They were both dead now. She had taken the farm over on shares and worked it alone. She had cattle and well-mended fences, she had even saved a little money, but she was always working, always alone. There was something about her that made people shun her. She stayed on because of Dorothea. Hypnotised. She loved every thing that belonged to Dorothea: her daughters that came sometimes from the city...splendid proud women who laughed like strong young men. They were like their father, not brooding like the gentle Dorothea, but they were handsome and wore beautiful clothes. Karen was full of wonder that they and Dorothea and she were all women.

It grew cold and dusk in the barn. Karen stamped and beat her arms across her chest, but she would not leave her place... ..Horses across the wooden bridge of the creek: horses and a carriage from the livery in the village below. Two women in the back seat, young, city women...feathers...ja ja! The horses stopped at the top of the hill, some talk with the driver, then the two leapt down—with one movement through the whole body, like fish...and proudly like horses they went in to the dead Dorothea.

Karen closed her eyes and leaned her forehead against the barn door for a long time, long after the horses had recrossed

the bridge... a long time... then in the dark she did the feeding and milking, closed the doors tightly and went into the house. She put the milk bucket on the table, lighted no lamp, but went feeling her way into her bedroom. Again she stood a long time senseless and motionless. Slowly she sank down upon the floor, stretched out along it in the dark reaching for something—when she came to the bedpost she clung to it with both hands. Lying face downward she began to moan and repeat dully: "I want to be like them... I want to be them."

In the spring Andreas walked into Karen's barnyard. He looked high into the air, swept the horizon with his seayes, stopped before the house, looked at the ground, coughed three times raising himself on to his toes each time... turned and went out to his horses waiting in the road. In two weeks he came again. Karen watching from the barn knew why he had come.

It had been a mistake his coming here to this midland to farm. He had sailed the seas, he could not dig in the earth. The security of the land embarrassed him. He could never admit his mistake and return to the old country. He had got a job as road inspector. He had men under him again. He rode about in his wagon standing, but he was impatient and ashamed of the horses: a wagon is not a ship. His farm was going to ruin.

He came up to the barn and spoke to Karen; asked about the roads and then about her farm; talking quickly, seeing everything, coughing and raising himself on his tiptoes when the talk lagged. The third time he came he asked her how much money she had in the bank and then he asked her to marry him. He did not look at her and she did not look at him, but she said "you can tell the pastor."

Thirteen years and Andreas was dead one morning in his bed. The daughters were coming to another funeral. Karen did not try to think about it. She knew that it was useless to try to think. Each person has only one or two thoughts... one of hers had been Dorothea. When she had married Andreas

it was to come into Dorothea's house; to touch and to take care of her things and to be there when the daughters came—to serve them. She found that they had taken Dorothea's clothes and the silver scentbottle away with them...and when their father had married her they had hated him for taking anyone in their mother's place and had never come again.

Karen had lived here with Andreas between silences and rages; doing all the work on the farm; keeping house for Andreas. She could not understand why everyone hated her for marrying him—as the years passed people shunned her even more. She saw no one, she was terribly alone.

They came. The younger came first, a widow furled in rich black silk: pale and arrogant and full of hate. She went through her father's papers, took what she wanted and waited. The other one came from a long distance, she brought two children with her. They stayed three days, they did not speak to Karen, they talked of their own lives...when they were not talking but sitting silent feeling the years of separation between them, the older one often let the tears run down her strong face, saying aloud as if to some sick memory "poor poor dear mother." They never spoke of their father.

Karen came and went getting the meals, making the beds and the fires. She wanted to speak, to tell them something, she wanted to take the children in her arms. These heartless women, she would appease them for all the years of hate. She came into the room and stopped, they looked at her and pale spots came at either side of their nostrils. She must speak quickly or she could never try again. She said in a low voice "I was never wife to your father." They sat like granite... finally the older one tapped with her foot on floor and said—"So? I have heard."

One winter Karen was dragged by a cow. No one passed the farm for two days, there was no way to call a doctor, she suffered, when a man hauling wood came along she was able to call out to him. The doctor examined her—he told her she would be helpless all the rest of her life. A niece, a woman of fifty whose life had been much better than her own, came to take care of her.

This woman Ola was tender and a good nurse. She had been meant by nature to be a mother, her body had a nesting expression. She had taught in a country school, supporting her mother for many years. When she was forty-two her mother had been paralyzed. Ola gave up her school and moved to the city where she could get plain sewing to do at home. Very soon she met a man at church: a tall blonde wheat-grower from Minnesota. A man of her own age, but so full of strength and colour that he looked no more than thirty. He fell in love with Ola the first time he saw her and she quietly knew that he was for her. He asked her to marry him, pled with her to bring her mother and come with him, but she was afraid that with this burden his love might change. She asked him to wait. She had his unquestioning unchanging love for eight years...on the day of her mother's funeral he had died of pneumonia. She took care of Karen as she had taken care of her mother, in some way it made it seem as if he were still waiting.

Karen had not been in bed long when Andrea's younger daughter came to the farm. She looked at Ola through narrowed eyes, she did not speak, but went in to Karen and sat beside the bed. She was very angry. The farm was now hers, she had bought the sister's share. She wanted possession. Karen had cut down some trees to keep warm in the winter. That was not in her tenure. The tenure would be broken. She must leave. Karen lay with her face to the wall and said nothing. The other woman taunted her about her illness, asked her why she didn't die. When she saw that Karen wouldn't talk she sat silent looking at the bed with narrow eyes.... presently in a voice smothered with hate she said, "If you don't go I'll have you dragged out of here. I will go to the church and tell them why you were never my father's wife. They will come and drive you out of the country for mother's sake. You can think it over." She went away.

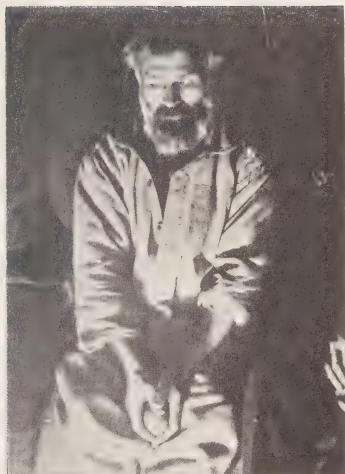
When Ola, frightened, crept into the room she heard Karen sobbing. She went to her and put her hand on her shoulder. "Karen, Karen don't cry, the pastor won't let them. I will tell him, your body is as white and round as a girl's. You put

your money in this farm, you stay here till you are through.” She was herself still trembling with fear. Perhaps this would kill Karen? It was growing dark, she went about the night chores, when she had finished she came in, lighted a lamp and looked at the bed. Karen was lying looking a long way before her, her large cheekbones shone with dried tears, she shook her head from time to time as if denying many things. She was not afraid of this pale woman who came to terrify her. She had come twice a year ever since her father’s death—spying, scenting out, threatening. She had gone further in her threatening today. Karen understood now the lies Andreas in his hurt pride must have told. But she could not listen or care too much, that was just life...other things were troubling her...she began to cry again. Not till hours after did she speak to Ola...in the emptiness of the night she could tell it—in her own tongue, lying with dark thinking eyes. She was helpless now. She could not be going any more in the night, as she had gone in all the years since Dorothea died, with bucket and soap to wash Dorothea’s tombstone: to keep it white. Walking the long miles to the graveyard, in the night, to do this for Dorothea. She was old and helpless now...there was nothing...nothing...

OS-ANDERS



IGOR STRAVINSKY



BRANCUSI



BEN HECHT



JEAN COCTEAU

NOCTURNE

W *AS it the oysters
Or the insidious
Influence
Of the moon*

*Heavenly bodies
In conjunction
At any rate*

*And at dawn
The inexorable
Dirty yellow*

LOUIS GILMORE

THE WORK OF GERTRUDE STEIN

ONE evening in the winter, some years ago, my brother came to my rooms in the city of Chicago bringing with him a book by Miss Gertrude Stein. The book was called "Tender Buttons" and, just at that time, there was a good deal of fuss and fun being made over it in American newspapers. I had already read a book of Miss Stein's called "Three Lives" and had thought it contained some of the best writing ever done by an American. I was curious about this new book.

My brother had been at some sort of gathering of literary people on the evening before and some one had read aloud from Miss Stein's new book. The party had been a success. After reading a few lines the reader stopped and was greeted by loud shouts of laughter. It was generally agreed that the author had done a thing we Americans call 'putting something across,' the meaning being that she had by a strange freakish performance

managed to attract attention to herself, get herself discussed in the newspapers, become for a time a figure in our hurried, harried lives.

My brother, as it turned out, had not been satisfied with the explanation of Miss Stein's work then current in America and so he bought "Tender Buttons" and brought it to me and we sat for a time reading the strange sentences. "It gives words an oddly new intimate flavor and at the same time makes familiar words seem almost like strangers, doesn't it," he said. What my brother did, you see, was to set my mind going on the book and then, leaving it on my table, he went away.

And now, after these years, and after having sat with Miss Stein by her own fire in the rue de Fleurus in Paris, I am asked to write something by way of introduction to a new book she is about to issue.

As there is in America an impression of Miss Stein's personality, not at all true and rather foolishly romantic, I would like first of all to brush that aside. I had myself heard stories of a long dark room with a languid woman lying on a couch, smoking cigarettes, sipping absinthe perhaps and looking out upon the world with tired disdainful eyes. Now and then she rolled her head slowly to one side and uttered a few words, taken down by a secretary who approached the couch with trembling eagerness to catch the falling pearls.

You will perhaps understand something of my own surprise and delight when, after having been fed up on such tales and rather Tom Sawyerishly hoping they might be true, I was taken to her to find instead of this languid impossibility a woman of striking vigour, a subtle and powerful mind, a discrimination in the arts such as I have found in no other American born man or woman and a charmingly brilliant conversationalist.

'Surprise and delight,' did I say. Well, you see, my feeling is something like this. Since Miss Stein's work was first brought to my attention I have been thinking of it as the most important pioneer work done in the field of letters in my time. The loud guffaws of the general that must inevitably follow the bringing forward of more of her work do not irritate me but I would like it if writers, and particularly younger writers, would come

to understand a little what she is trying to do and what she is in my own opinion doing.

My own thought in the matter is something like this—that every artist working with words as his medium must at times be profoundly irritated by what seems the limitations of his medium. What things does he not wish to create with words. There is the mind of the reader before him and he would like to create in that reader's mind a whole new world of sensations, or rather one might better say he would like to call back into life all of the dead and sleeping senses.

There is a thing one might call 'the extension of the province of his art' one wants to achieve. One works with words and one would like words that have a taste on the lips, that have a perfume to the nostrils, rattling words one can throw into a box and shake, making a sharp jingling sound, words that when seen on the printed page have a distinct arresting effect upon the eye, words that when they jump out from under the pen one may feel with the fingers as one might caress the cheeks of his beloved.

And what I think is that these books of Gertrude Stein's do in a very real sense recreate life in words.

We writers are, you see, all in such a hurry. There are such grand things we must do. For one thing the Great American Novel must be written and there is the American or English Stage that must be uplifted by our very important contributions, to say nothing of the epic poems, sonnets to my lady's eyes and what not. We are all busy getting these grand and important thoughts and emotions into the pages of printed books.

And in the meantime the little words, that are the soldiers with which we great generals must make out conquests, are neglected.

There is a city of English and American words and it has been a neglected city. Strong broad-shouldered words, that should be marching across open fields under the blue sky, are clerking in little dusty drygoods stores, young virgin words are being allowed to consort with whores, learned words have been put to the ditch-diggers trade. Only yesterday I saw a word that once called a whole nation to arms serving in the mean capacity of advertising laundry soap.

For me the work of Gertrude Stein consists in a rebuilding, an entire new recasting of life, in the city of words. Here is one artist who has been ready to accept ridicule, who has even foregone the privilege of writing the great American novel, uplifting our English speaking stage and wearing the bays of the great poets to go live among the little housekeeping words, the swaggering bullying street-corner words, the honest working, money-saving words and all the other forgotten and neglected citizens of the sacred and half forgotten city.

Would it not be a lovely and charmingly ironic gesture of the gods if, in the end, the work of this artist were to prove the most lasting and important of all the word slingers of our generation.

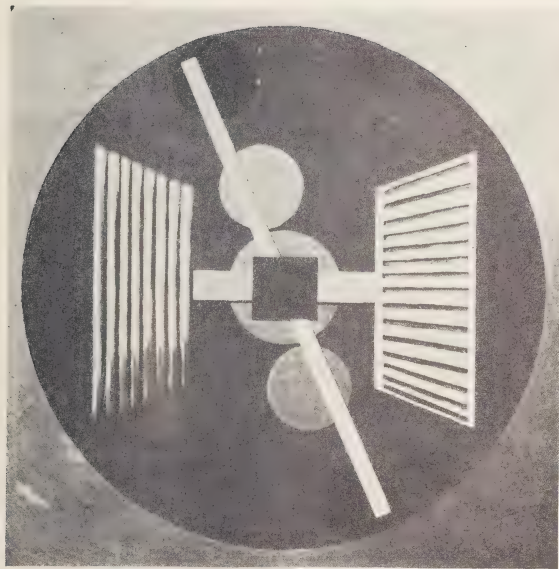
SHERWOOD ANDERSON

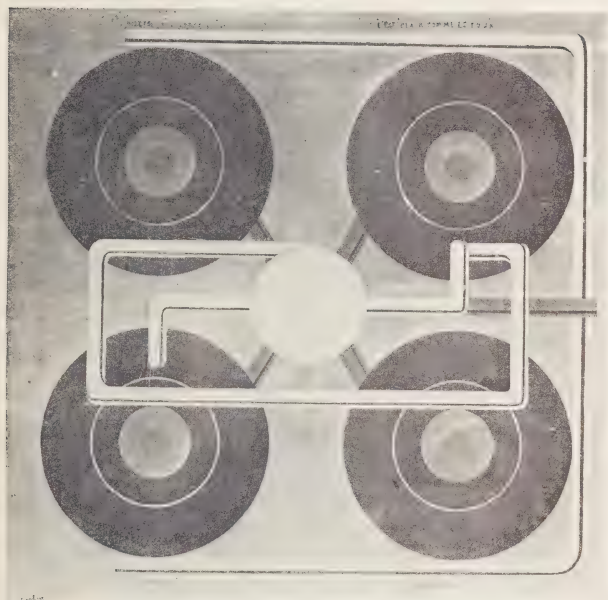
A LA NOTINIERE DE—

à Pierre de Massot.

P OURQUOI cette manie des écrivains et des journalistes de me réclamer des articles? A quoi s'occupent-ils pendant que j'écris ces lignes? et vont-ils, eux, monter sur la scène et jouer un rôle? C'est une folie d'écrire et je suis ravie de la faire car toutes les folies sont agréables; elles divertissent un moment et stupefient les gens sérieux. En quelques mots, je veux vous dire mes plus jolis rêves. Quitter le Casino de Paris, une nuit, sans rien dire, en pleine représentation; gagner la campagne et là, forever, danser sous les rayons de la lune. Puis dormir, surtout dormir; ne plus jamais être reveillée par la sonnerie du téléphone ou pour signer une photo que me tend un jeune raseur. Lire aussi, mais lire quoi? Oh si Alfred (c'est mon chien, mes bons amis américains, a good and pretty bonbon) si Alfred savait écrire, je serais sa lectrice attitrée. Les oeuvres de Paul Bourget et consorts m'ennuient à mourir (ah, j'en ai marre) et je préfère à n'importe quelle page de littérature, dut-elle être signée d'un académicien, le coup de poing du grand boxeur que j'admire et que j'aime, Georges Carpentier.

MISTINGUETT

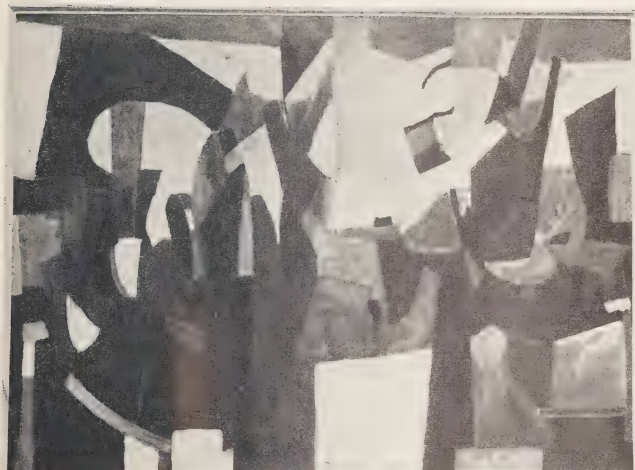












DEAR INDIGNANT AND WRITHING CITIZENS INQUIRING:

"So nothing is Art any more but this modern stuff that doesn't feed our spirits or rest our minds?"

We are stealing no crutches, glass eyes, false teeth, or soothing syrup. We can give honour to whom and to what honour is due. We can also give that which is a free gift and not due.—*jh*.

POMPOUS WELLFED CLERGYMAN:

"I can't believe in the *Little Review*. It isn't self-supporting. I am not interested in anything that isn't self-supporting."
jh: "The church has passed the hat for 1900 years."

STOP PRESS

The intellectual capital of America is still Paris. Recent attempts to transfer it to Vienna, Naples or Stockholm have not, up to the present, succeeded.

ABEL SANDERS

FULL OF WEAPONS!

I know my words are weapons, full of danger, full of death.—*Demi Cercle*.

Yes, if you can find any one who can die.—*jh*.

THE LITTLE REVIEW IS AN ADVANCING POINT
TOWARD WHICH THE "ADVANCE GUARD" IS
ALWAYS ADVANCING.

FRENCH SCHOOL OF POESY, SYNTHÈSE

En versant ces fleurs dans ce vin
J'ai pense au veau marin.

WESTERN SCHOOL OF POESY, SYNTHÈSE

Say, bo! I heard about that fourty-niner.
Say, Bo! I've heard erbout that Perarie Schooner!
Say, Bo! !

ABEL SANDERS

SUPPRESSED PASSAGE

(Words in italics removed from Ezra Pound's article in Literary Review of
New York Evening Post.)

The "literary and artistic life" of London having dwindled, *consisting, that is, in waiting for Mr. Wyndham Lewis' next drawing and Mr. Eliot's next (we believe his twenty-sixth) poem—or this equation of London containing a so negligible amount of exaggeration—the bath of Paris is perhaps unduly pleasant; pleasant, at least, as a matinal cleanliness, a hot tub after a fog, and a clean air with a recent vestige of rain.*

BOLL WEEVIL

The ideer that you have to become more like a boll weevil in order to be a good biollergist, distresses me.

Yours eturnilly,

ABEL SANDERS

(*vide Robert Morss Lovett, in the Dial for Jan. 1922 (old style) page 80.*)

ANTI-CLIMAX

Dear L. R. My first hunch was right. Szymanowski is the most considerable musical apparition which has arisen in twenty years. His symphony bears out my contention. He is, I think, a composer of the very first rank. Beat some drums for him.—BURTON RASCOE.

DOYLE'S LUNCH-ROOM

Watch your hat, coat, and ectoplasm!

THE MANTLE OF—

It looks as if Bishop, Wilson and Rascoe were trying to steal up and sneak Matthew Arnold's old cloak off of Eliot.—*jh.*

CERTAIN MAGAZINE PLEASE COPY

We love danger but we are a little tired of being our only victory. We not only supply the guns and the target but we are also called upon to design the grave clothes.

TO THOSE WHO RING DOOR-BELLS

Yes, we love fanatics: they usually have something interesting enough to keep them occupied while we are having a little fanaticism of our own.

HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THAT
THE LITTLE REVIEW MEANS NO MORE
TO US THAN IT SHOULD TO YOU. . . .

DJUNA BARNES
(for the L. R.)

Oh I would be a Dada
And with the Dadas stand
An idiot for my brother,
Boobs on every hand.

LOOSE LEAF PRODUCTS

MILLING gutters
Abrasive wheels
Elastic webbings
Insecticides
Flour, feed, hay, straw, salt.

Drop-forgings
Chemicals
Screw caps
Quaker snips
Tar, coal, lime, sand, cement.

Door sashes
Mill work
Blinds
Window frames
Water tube boilers, clay working machines.

Light forgings
Tool grinders
Dynamos
Revolving doors
Barrels, new and second-hand; kegs, casks and drums.

Curled hair
Children's games
Cutting saws
Copper coils
Tin, plastic-slate, gravel, slag and rubberoid.

Cotton beds,
Garden tools,
Lighting systems,
Gasolines
Flexible Flyer coasters and North American lace.

AMERICA

EMBROIDERY—Embroidery yarns,
Tinsel—Tinsel art needle work,
Non-curling gummed papers
Glove-fitting corsets
Venus Pencils—
Sidourney tools and cocks and valves,
Steel locks and safes and chains,
Horse-cart reels and racks and wheels!
Mason's materials
Monumental memorials
Invisible bi-focals—
Loose wiles!
Loosewiles!!

MURIEL DRAPER

EQUILIBRIUM

MAN OF LETTERS: "*Don't give your stuff to the Little Review.*"

ABSENT-MINDED WOMAN *comes back and gropes for words.*

M. L. "These little rags are no good, you know. They do no service to Literature. They boast of being non-commercial—and don't pay their contributors. It's a thoroughly rotten way of doing things."

A. W. *drifting*: "It's their conscious deliberate freakishness that I dislike."

M. L. "They're quite negligible. They have practically no circulation."

A. W. *turns fully outwards in a reluctant death*. "They do pay their contributors, what they can. That's a good deal more, in proportion, than is paid by the commercial press. And it isn't the point. Even if they didn't. . . . Take the *Little Review*. What is the worst that can be said of it? That it is deliberately outré, and consistently vitriolic about a chimera it calls public taste. What is the best? That they give a chance to people the commercial press can't handle. Take Joyce. He has been canonised by the *Times Literary Supplement*. And now everyone is marveling over 'Ulysses'."

M. L. *is silent*.

A. W. *hurriedly*. "You're both right. It's the Church and the heretics. But why must you curse each other? Why can't you both see, for instance, that papers like the *London Mercury* whose business it is to safeguard the casket of tradition and keep the back windows open, must have their eyes at the backs of their heads and therefore *can't* be expected to see what is under their noses? The literary squires have always thought the literary country is going to the dogs. They look for a repetition of the past. Their feet stumble among the stones of the fabric that is abuilding. The independent press has eyes for nothing but the new. It discovers gems, lying neglected in the mud. And cherishes them. Gathering up with them much dirt and rubble." She pauses, reflecting that Saint Paul must have been unconsciously led to impose silence on women. If men are robbed of their partisanship before they are fifty, where are they?

M. L. *steers the conversation a little to one side.*

DOROTHY M. RICHARDSON

DISCOVERIES OF GREAT MINDS

I

Knut Hamsun's resemblance to Conrad, discerned by Edwin Björkman.

2

Also Mr. Hamsun's "naivete". But Mr. Björkman is willing to forgive this weakness, this shortcoming, this general unconsciousness, on the ground that it is often associated with great genius (just as unconsciously, I suppose).

3

"It may be whispered without offense that the *Little Review* itself doesn't understand much of what it prints."—Burton Rascoe in the *New York Tribune*. Penetration worthy of a detective: followed by a list of our contributors now understood by the entire (civilized) literary world, and upon whom Mr. Rascoe draws almost exclusively for the life of his column.

4

Hermann Hesse in the June *Dial*, page 616: "Naturally one can if one likes regard 'The Brothers Karamazov' as a work of art." But naturally, one would not like. It is simpler, like Mr. Hesse, to regard the antics of singing teachers as Art and the literature of Dostoevsky as "beyond Art." The complications which might arise from regarding Dostoevsky as Art and the singing teachers as below Art are apparently nerve-destroying.

5

Rich Business Man: The *Little Review* isn't a business proposition. I can't contribute.

The Little Review: We didn't describe it as a business.

B. M. You have to look at it as a hobby.

- L. R. We asked you to help us support our hobby.
B. M. I have my horses and dogs.
L. R. We have the *Little Review*.
B. M. I earn the money to keep my horses and dogs.
L. R. We can't earn the money to support the *Little Review*.
B. M. You'll have to.
L. R. How?
B. M. Work.
L. R. We work on the *Little Review*.
B. M. That won't bring you any money.
L. R. That's why we asked you to help us. You have lots of money.
B. M. I can earn money.
L. R. We can't. That is, as we pointed out, one of the differences between us.
B. M. But you'll have to.
L. R. How?
B. M. I make money because I know my personality. You've got to know your personalities.
L. R. We began with that. We know that our personalities can't make money.
B. M. You've got to make money.
L. R. How?
B. M. You've got to have vision, imagination.
L. R. Our vision is too long for the public purse. Our imagination is the *Little Review*.
B. M. My imagination makes me run a business to support my hobby.
L. R. If we ran a business to support the *Little Review* we'd lose the flair that makes it possible to make the *Little Review*.
B. M. That isn't necessary. I don't lose mine.
L. R. You do. Everyone in America has lost the flair for everything by running a business to support his flair.
B. M. Well, if I felt rich I'd help you.
L. R. If you don't feel rich you're not a successful business man.

- B. M. Well, if I were interested in the *Little Review* I'd help you.
- L. R. Which is to say you're not successful in your flair either.
- B. M. How do you make that?
- L. R. If you had a flair you'd recognize another good one when you saw it.
- B. M. I'll grant yours is interesting. But it can never be self-supporting.
- L. R. Discovered! That's why we asked you to help.
- B. M. But you've got to be keen about a thing. I'm not keen about the *Little Review*.
- L. R. Why not be?
- B. M. But I'm not really keen about anything.
- L. R. We knew you were an unhappy man before we talked to you. Hence this appeal to your unemployed imagination...
- B. M. Well, I confess I haven't got any imagination...
- L. R. We knew that too. Make it self-supporting!
- B. M. Make *what* self-supporting?
- L. R. Your lack of imagination.
— ! — ! — ! — !

MARGARET ANDERSON

Note to Calendar

The Christian era came definitely to an END at midnight of the 29-30 of October (1921) old style.

There followed the Feast of ZAGREUS, and a Feast of PAN counted as of no era; the new year thus beginning as on 1st November (old style), now HEPHAISTOS.

The new months, replacing the old months; of cold months HEPHAISTOS (for November), and then in the following order ZEUS, SATURN, HERMES, MARS, PHOEBUS APOLLO; and the warm months; KUPRIS, JUNO, ATHENE, HESTIA, ARTEMIS and DEMETER, the male months being also under ISIS, and the female months, two by two, under PAN, POSEIDON and BACCHUS.

The following feasts are instituted, to ZAGREUS on the 30th Demeter; to PAN on the 31st Demeter; Feast of Figures on the 14th Hermes; Feast of Political Buncomb, ancient feast of fools or feast of the ass, Mort de Caesar, Jules, 15th Mars; PRIAPUS, 1st Kupris; EPITHALAMUM, ancient Corpus Domini, 15th Juno; FAUNUS 6th Artemis; AUSTER and APELIOTA 14th Artemis.

The year turns upon HORUS.

L'OEIL CACODYLATE

Je m'appelle
DADA
depuis 1892
Milhaud

MON
L Q4L

DEVIL
de Velle
VOUS REGARDER

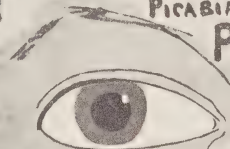
J. Galt



Couronne.
de
mélancolie

JEAN HUGO

VIVE AGAGA PANSAERS
PICABIA TE SOUVIENS TU DE
PHARAMOUSSE



S. CHARCHOUNE

RUSSSE
BORRATI

LES CROISSANTS

2011-12-15

FRANCOIS
CHAMBERLAIN

11. 11. 1941

Wanda R.

TRISTAN
TZARA

100

FRANCIS PICABIA



CONFITEOR

UN certain nombre de beaux messieurs ont pris le parti de la somme mauvaise sans qu'aucun autre désir les tienne que paraître. Et de fait ils ne meurent pas. Provisoirement, car il faudra bien mourir. Mais ce jour là ils accuseront la mort d'assassinat.

Il ne faut pas les blâmer; si la vie est sans raison ou du moins s'il n'y a pas de raison de vivre, le passage à l'état de mort révolte instinctivement tout l'organisme. La belle lâcheté du snobisme suicidomane n'est pas pire que celle de l'homme qui revenu de toute raison de vivre ne se tue pas. La maîtrise de soi s'arrête sur ce seuil. Ne se suicident que ceux qui ont une maladie ou un honneur incurables.

Et cette lâcheté avouée et la mort qu'on ne regarde pas en face, il faut bien vivre puisque ça continue. On s'est adjoint une petite compagne muette qui ne montre sa tête que dans le silence—Horreur du vide, voyez Epouvante de la mort. Afin de ne pas la voir et de n'y pas songer il faut se faire du bruit. Le bruit qui ressemble à celui des hommes qui font du bruit sans savoir qu'ils en font.

Toutes ces paroles pour en arriver à ceci: Connaissant la doublure unique de tout le vestiaire art, comment puis-je encore écrire un poème ou une pièce de théâtre? Il n'y a rien à dire, rien à écrire. Rien n'existe que les mots—et leur définition est inutile, comme la définition de ce qui existe en dehors de nous et ne se traduit cependant que par les mots. Il n'y a donc pas de réalité—sauf ce mot. Le dictionnaire suffit—encore est-il de trop.

Je me suis avoué ce reproche, non devant mon miroir qui sait à quoi s'en tenir, mais devant le miroir de quelqu'un d'autre. Il ne s'agit ni d'user de dialectique ni de parler d'art qui n'est pas de l'art. S'il y avait quelque chose de dégoûtant cela serait dégoûtant. Mais je me moque des mots—et du reste.

Je ne fais cela que pour me faire du bruit. Pour ne pas avoir peur et ne pas voir ce visage qui sent mauvais.

Pourquoi cacher le silence avec cette sorte de sonnettes et non d'autres sans équivoque? On ne peut pas toujours dormir, ni jouer au baccarat, ni collectionner les plantes alpines, ni boire de l'alcool. Cela ne fait pas assez de bruit. Et par instants... Tandis que cette tiède occupation de sécrétion périodique, si naturelle, qui vient au bon moment mettre un si élégant rideau devant la personne indésirée, remplit son rôle avec efficacité: on dirait du vrai bruit.

C'est pourquoi—je ne suis cependant maître ni du oui ni du non—je puis continuer à laisser respirer ma petite lâcheté.

G. RIBEMONT DESSAIGNES

ANTICOQ

“**L**ITTLE REVIEW” is certainly the only magazine which at the present moment desires to give the public the work of men whose new quests are the aim in art—whether in painting, music, sculpture or literature. “Little Review” is not influenced by the present established conventions which are for the most part only commercial. Most of the reviews unfortunately can not live without the help of editors and galleries who seek to make a credulous public believe that their merchandise alone is interesting, the only which really has a “commercial” value. This frightful stock jobbing in pictures permits the jobbers to put over it doesn't matter what good fellow for a person of genius; we have had an example of this recently at the Kahnweiler sale where they pushed up the price to 18,000 francs for pictures I wouldn't have given 50 centimes for. As for cubist purism, don't let's speak of it! As I have already written, this cathedral has only one steeple, which is Picasso; the rest of the edifice is a shop where they should sell umbrellas and where they offer us only “Ruoltz” which they wish to pass for real money!

The heartbreaking thing, you see, is the thought that these imbeciles of picture merchants disgust painters with painting



FRANCIS PICABIA

and the real amateurs with buying. I prefer the dealers in antiquities who sell us interesting works at least of the epoch they represent even if they are false! What difference is there really between a real and a false Rembrandt? Only the experts following the interest they have in them declare them "good" or "bad". Besides, the works these dealers in antiquities offer us are sometimes much more modern than those shown by the merchants of so-called modern art; as for example the imitations of negro sculpture or the imitations of Egyptian or Byzantine artists,—in fact all this paraphernalia worthy of the Grévin museum, which has less freshness to my way of thinking than the discovery of a mummy of a Pharaoh king.

To interest us it is not enough to interpret with more or less fancy the work of a race or of a man—work which is the pure expression of the needs or of the civilization of an epoch.

Modigliani was a charming man but he would have done better to turn to the movies!

That which I have just said to you is a part of the philosophy of Da, are we not agreed, my dear Christian? There is sometimes more art in knowing how to drink a cocktail than in knowing how to mix blue or vermillion with white, more art in designing the practical side of an automobile than in imitating the buttocks of an Italian model of the Place Pigalle, more art in constructing a motor than in copying a poilu with his twenty kilos of imbecility on his back, more art in making a watering pot than in making the portrait of an apple! Finally there is more art in living without nationality than in declaring oneself Parisian, as a young poet does who sometimes finds a way to defame himself before others have the fun of doing it.

The fruits which grow in an orangery always smell a little of dung and never of orange; it is the same with the brains, whose intelligence develops in the "Closierie des Lilas" or in contact with thinkers doing their work under the influence of orange bitters or Dubonnet cordial!

Long live the "Cent-mille Chemises," Félix Potin and Dufayel,—these are the real men of genius of our epoch. I prefer a can of peas Roedel to a dead constrained nature full of the boring mannerisms of the charlatans of the rue d'Astorg!

"Little Review" will present to you the men who care only for the pleasure of a continuous evolution—evolution not being able to interest those merchants and directors of reviews who see in these works only merchandise for snobs and peers.

FRANCIS PICABIA

TABU

THE sense given to the word "to be born" is nearly always an error, since nothing is born, all already exists. Things are only transformed by contact with others and manifest themselves under a new form.

TABU was not born, but already existing in the atmosphere in which the contact of two elements produced the flash of comprehension and manifestation.

Great ideas succeed and take form at the precise moment when they are necessary to replace a state of mind unfit to satisfy the highest degree of perfection of certain men.

All ideas, past and future, exist about us, but for certain ones to manifest themselves, thousands of years are needed to find the necessary circumstances and favorable receivers.

The new idea is not born of reason or reflection but rather from the need of existing and out of the propitious moment when it can and must exist.

Einstein, properly speaking, is not responsible for his idea which is so popular just now. His only merit is that life has chosen him to be the receiver and transmitter of the idea of Relativity.

He has neither invented nor created this idea; he has, on the contrary, allowed himself to be dominated and fascinated by that which, existing long before he did, has chosen him to be its transmitter because without doubt Einstein is the best, the most sensitive, the most gifted for the task.

10 rue Faustain Helie Passy

DiMaNCHe le 27

Tramway 12 Metro Passy

BON POUR DEUX PERSONNES

NOUVELLES
ECOLES

les PRINCIPES
de l'union

imprimé
union

mencera à 21

heures

la soirée sera honorée par la présence des MM
VICTOR HUGO & HONORÉ BALZAC

de la part de M. Larionow

Entitled "The News from Russia" or "We wonder what" Messrs. Kreymborg and Santayana
"think about it."

So it was with TABU.

We have neither created nor invented the idea, it is ours through a violent revelation, through an inexpressible shock. It has imposed itself.

Addressing itself only to the mind, TABU is a philosophical religion, without ethics; but of this we shall speak in the near future.

We wish today to be content with questions of Art corresponding to the new idea.

Up to this time the arts have all been sensual, as have religions. We no longer wish to produce an art for the body but for the mind.

We wish through forms, through colours, through it matters not what means, to express the mystery, the divinity of the universe, including all mysteries.

André Salmon, who last year in a criticism called us the renewers of a religious art, understood the hidden meaning of our new artistic manifestation.

We do not contend that the art TABU is superior to the sensual arts of all the successive and different schools up to this time, but we do think that we are bringing a new form of expression and new possibilities.

The world cannot be content always to be readjusting the same coat, making only partial changes; it needs a new coat from time to time.

Francis Picabia, the finest of the minds of the vanguard, sees in the appearance of TABU one of the benefits brought by DADA, and without doubt he is right, since DADA has made possible the famous cleaning up of conventions and conveniences approved of making a clean and free place for new ideas.

JEAN CROTTI

DADA—

“THE trouble is the *Little Review* never knows when to stop. Just now it is headed straight for Dada; but we could forgive even that if it would drop Else von Freytag-Loringhoven on the way.”—From an article by Harriet Monroe in *Poetry*.

Any one may say anything he pleases as long as he is willing to stand by what he says.

I don't think Harriet Monroe knew when to stop. But then we're different: we don't feel that we have ever suggested we were going to stop, not even at or in jail.

Harriet Monroe in a lyrical article in *Poetry*: “Renewal of Youth”: “Therefore let youth be free and strong, let it have room for its race and its shout, lest bars and shackles enslave the next age” . . . And then “bars” for Dada, “bars” for Else von Freytag—two sets of bars for the same thing! Miss Monroe should watch the poetic situation a little more carefully. The Baroness is the first American dada. We published her with joy in June, 1918. Dada wasn't so very old in Europe at that time.

The german dadaists are closer to madness than the french. The french still have expiations to make. The baroness does not belong to the german dadaists. She fails whenever she trips over her german skeleton and falls into a Goethe-Nietzsche wrestling with God. When she is dada she is the only one living anywhere who dresses dada, loves dada, lives dada.

However we do intend to drop the baroness—right into the middle of the history of American poetry!

Is Miss Monroe against dada because dada laughs, jeers, grimaces, gibbers, denounces, explodes, introduces ridicule into a too churchly game? Dada has flung its crazy bridges to a new consciousness. They are quite strong enough to hold the few in this generation who will pass over. Dada is making a contribution to nonsense.—*jh*.

EXPOSÉ

THERE is a heavy growth of mushroom art magazines all over the place. Harvard seems to be the best spore producer. There has come into existence a purely American article of manufacture: the harvard-artist. If a man is in any way dissatisfied with Harvard, if he revolts at any of the Harvard factory regulations, at the immediate modes of dress, haircut, or dance, all he has to do is to buy a tweed hat and leap into one of the arts—or better still, start an art magazine for the “Youngest or the Pappiest.” They are artists: glands notwithstanding. *Poetry* always extends them a welcome and a word of encouragement.

Secession, a little journal published by Americans in Vienna, has called itself to our attention by firing manifestos and copies of its first issue at us. In the manifestos it says that it intends to expose the secret history and private correspondence of its American contemporaries, the *Dial*, the *Broom*, and the *Little Review*. I have looked over the names of its staff: I remember having sent numerous rejection slips to some of them—but correspondence? If they can gather in enough of our correspondence they can be assured of one issue with some “noise” in it.

They intend “to usher in the new epoch” because they have “noticed many things deserving laughter in the present literary game.” Why not join the laugh and incidentally the epoch? No one had to tell Scott that he was rediscovering the South Pole: he could read the signs.

In the first number of this rabid sheet is an Exposé of the *Dial* in which this spanking editor of the “turbulent advance guard” arraigns the *Dial* for having no “obligation to homogeneity.” Obligation and reconciliation—are these words for laughter or not? His attack on Sherwood Anderson in the same article has an acrid scholastic stink. It throws him completely out of any connection with his own manifesto. Why make the physical age of the creative artist a measurement? Why swipe the time-honoured measure of the rocking-chair brigade?

I am not rushing to the rescue of the *Dial*. I don’t even appreciate the *Dial*. It seems to exist very altruistically and unassumingly to indorse in a small way our past efforts by publishing the work of the better-natured of our former contributors to a larger audience. Otherwise it is a safe, sane and decent magazine.

I shiver with fear at the exposé of the *Little Review*. I cross my fingers.—jh.

SHUFFLE ALONG— (APROPOS THE BALLET INTIME AT THE TOWN HALL)

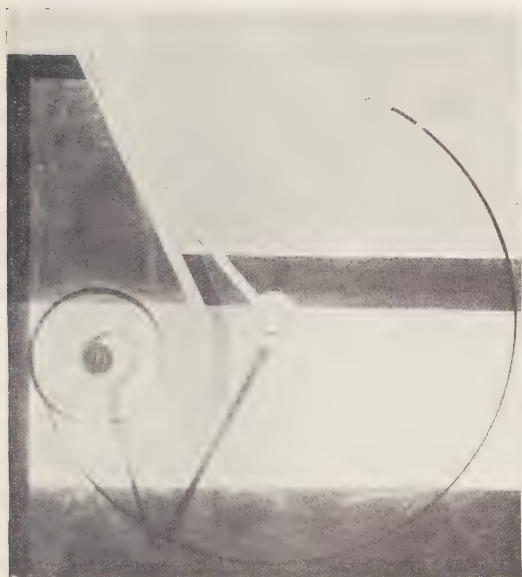
ALL the critics who attended the recent modern jubilee at the Town Hall, seemed to be labouring under the thoroughly modern delusion that to criticize a new work of Art they must bring all the values of the now commonplace mind,—imagination, capacity for aesthetic emotion, homogeneous reaction, and the power to say something equal to the thing criticized. This is a great mistake, for, like Art, art criticism has been and is progressing. Pure psychic experience has been replaced by pathological abandon. An Artist must now be judged by the strong maniacal rhythms of his neuroses, by the malefic activities of his glands, and by the general acuteness of his moral nostalgia. These are the familiar and more or less vulgar terms, and later on in my article I will show you, my dear readers, that there is a lofty and spiritual terminology for all these exalted and intense conditions of mind.

Art criticism is now Pathological Therapeutics. One critic seemed to feel (though rather vaguely) this fact, for in the course of his pulsating article he caught sight of one very valuable pathological point in the Szymanowski songs—viz., the lack of proper mating of melody and accompaniment, and openly accused Mme. Poldowski of a kind of sadistic abuse of her technique. Mme. Poldowski's affliction has been patiently explained by Dr. Freud. For the point on the Szymanowski songs, see "Musicritico-Therapeutics" by Dr. Diovo, in which he points out a certain complex in the psychosis, creating a tendency to destroy the infallible law of nature that all products and species are, and give the definite impression of being exactly alike, inseparable, and indistinguishable.

The singer and the accompanist, erudite and informed to the last degree in the new Art-activities, sang and played the songs of Szymanowski without emotions or feelings (these are *passé*) but with the utmost sympathy and conviction. I, as the pianist, will try to point out what I feel the composer was trying to do or did, in creating these songs. Mr. Szymanowski's place in the universe of music, first of all, is *juxta-spiatric*. These songs hang in the great *splado-cospathomane*, the *plexor-rhythm* of the universal dynamo. This great truth is part of the new mathematical *circum-psychose*, seen and understood only by the spherical mind. And how admirably he, the composer, has expressed this great *metempic* condition of the metaphysical separation of the two *meta-coitic* contents, thus expressing the *catasmic* truth that two things operating together are not separate. Nature is done for, humanity is done for, facts are done for, traditions are done for, we are coming into the fourth dimensional existence; Mr. Szymanowski is there, and his audience and appreciators must be there. Music as Music is done for, humans as humans are done for, Critics as Critics are done for; we must now have the flights into "Otherness of the There" as Susan Glaspell says with luminous humanity; we must have a great intense preoccupation with the "nearly" if we would soar with spiritual wings to the Brooklyn bridge of the Universe.

Mr. Szymanowski's is a transcendental spiritual triumph, the psychic evolution (prefix "r" if you have those inclinations), the *psycho-peristalsic* progress of a great new mental experience!

ALLAN TANNER













THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE

THE low country of the lakes with its flowing blue waters, its sunken gray and yellow earth and low skies, is beautiful; yet there have been thrown down in it cities so mean, so cold, so dingy, and so ugly that in them any beautiful object is a marvelous thing. The eyes strain away out of the cities over the waters and the still sandy marshes, or turn up into the fathomless heights of the sky; and again and again in springtime, when small clusters of fruit trees and rose vines bloom here and there in the smoke with robins singing in the new sticky foliage, one seeks such spectacles out to walk near them. As for the cities' polyglot people, they are so harsh, so cold and silent, and so monotonous both in appearance and in their fierce activity, that among them any one only beautiful or charming becomes precious; a thrilling deed, a noble character, a great love, a deathless faith, or even a passionate hatred, or profound despair, is something to set apart, to cherish in the mind, to hoard and love.

For they dream, the people of those gray and far-off cities by the azure floods, as all must do or die; but their dreams are not good or sweet or high or noble.

Once it was evening in winter in the city and the great blue darkness had fallen upon the low plains, the waters, and the frozen marshes; the darkness had grown gray and misty; and after that, as usual within the city, it had become dead, cold, and dingy black. The long misty streets with their feeble pale-blue lamps were dingy; and though many hurrying people, rattling black gasoline motor vehicles, and broken dirty tramcars passed in them, yet they remained dreary. One of the half dozen very long streets which lie across the others and meet like the spokes of a half-wheel, was dark and cold when I walked into it. It had large furniture shops full of coloured lamps; tobacco and shoe shops well lighted up; and Jews' shops with every sort of cheap glittering merchandise to catch the eyes of the crowd of stupid whites and Negroes who occupied this quarter; yet it

seemed bleak and empty. The people hurried along in silence; old snow lay frozen hard in the dark dirty corners; and the dust was thick. Over the roofs the sky seemed particularly black, foggy, and cold.

It was night.

No sound except those of the vehicles flying over the rough pavement, the pounding tramcars that passed, and the shoes of the hurrying people. . . . but at last, at intervals above the other sounds there came what seemed to be a voice raised in shouting or speaking; and on coming to a place where two mean dark side streets met I found on the pavement a short plump gentle but very earnest Negro of forty who was urging upon passers the principles of Jesus' teaching. He used the inflection and diction of Negroes in this part of the world, but he was neatly dressed and wore a greatcoat; his head was bare, for he had placed his round black hat against an iron hydrant for the reception of coins. Four or five men who had turned aside from the main street were listening to him; more, however, were going into the half-screened drinking places all about. Besides, the farther side of the street in which he stood contained a row of little dark wooden buildings that held Negro brothels.

It was a dusty winter night.

"You men, naow:" the Negro was crying in a ringing, pleasing voice, "you got to be good! You got to do as God says! It ain't gwine do you no good to pray to God if you don't do as He says! Don't you go to fightin and killin and gamblin and then pray to God. It ain't gwine do you no good! First you got to quit yo fightin, quit yo killin, quit yo drinkin, quit yo gamblin, quit yo swarin, quit yo whore-mongerin: God does not wish you to do these things! Then you go to Him and pray! And He's gwine hear what you say!"

The utterance of these words with singular force in that stirring melodious voice, and the face and form of the little man made lovely by joy, faith and good will, shone in that bleak cold street, it seemed to me, like glittering gold shining from the gutter dust.

I drew nearer and listened to him say that he had come here because he had been bidden by God to go among men and preach the Word, not as preached in worldly churches but as the

prophets of Israel and the Apostles preached it long ago. Men must be truthful, kindly, abstemious; then all would be well with them. They must understand one another, sympathize with one another, and love one another. That was the Word. When all did so, then God's kingdom would have come on earth. Meantime the few who knew the truth and strove to live by it would, even though they were lonely and cast out, become happy, strong, and courageous. Theirs would be a life unattainable by the gross and careless, a life inconceivable by such, yet the life that all men really desired, the life that was man's heritage.

Aside, as it were, for the assurance of timid children, he illustrated some of the workings of God's plan. Once a man had received God into his heart and was trying earnestly to live according to His will, God would not neglect or desert him either in this world or any other. He himself was but a humble servant bidden to teach and expound the Word. And since he strove to do this, even though he never succeeded as he wished to, yet God had blessed him forty years with health and strength and the means to live. "The servant am worthy of his hire," God had said, yet so merciful and kind was God that, "Jes so long as you try the best you can, He'll stand by you. Money an things is the least, but He'll see to them too. Ah don't have to worry. When Ah get out of money He sends me means to get some. Ah don't owe nobody a cent tonight 'cept seventy-five cents fo coal, and the man said the' wasn't no hurry for that; but Ah'm goin to pay him tomorrow night. And this week Ah was down to the Boahd of Public Works and they said they'd put me to work next Wednesday mornin shovellin up ashes in the alleys. Ah'm gwine be there. So I get on. Kase Ah'm tryin to do as God said. He'll do jes the same by you. If you wonder who I am to stand out here and tell you this, Ah'm Brothah Frank Burns, Servant of the Lord, come to preach the Word like ole Isaiah and Jeremiah and ole Jonah—an like ole Peter an Paul an Silas. They said what Ah'm tellin you naow! Kase that's God's Word that'll make you happy an strong an glad!"

Bright earnestness! steadfast belief! Rapture stirring in your heart! But two city policemen come through the dark streets where the brothels are, making their way swiftly in the gloom, and they hear the preacher's voice and raise their heads. They

are not patrolling and have not their bludgeons, but one immediately gives the other a package he has been carrying and hurries across the street behind the speaker: a short burly man, pink faced and grim, active and strong, with the bold insolence and cruelty of the police. The buttons and silver shield glitter on the breast of his clean blue greatcoat; the forepiece and shield shine on his heavy cap. Without a word he takes the speaker from behind by arm and neck, jerks him violently backward, choking him, and all but throws him to the pavement. "*Here! Here! Here!*" he cries. "What are you doing?"

Startled, the Negro tries to keep his feet and twist his head so as to see his assailant. But he manfully seeks to explain.

"Where's your *permit*?" asks the policeman.

"Judge tole me Ah didn't need to have no *permit*—"

"Git to hell out of here!"

The Negro is thrown forward almost to his knees and flung about. Very firmly he declares: "Ah've come here to speak the Word of the Lord like the old prophets in de Bible. Folks must know this. Judge he tole me—"

At that the policeman tightens his hold with one hand, strikes him on the head with his fist, and hurls him to the pavement. The second officer, a taller man, runs in. And the big crowd that has gathered during the few moments of parley closes about to see. Again and again the little Negro is thrown down, struck, and dragged in the dust. He gasps out his purpose as he can. The dark cold street resounds with the noise of newcomers rushing up to see; in the midst are the scuffle, the blows, the Negro's voice, the dust. At length, tossing along in the midst of the crowd, the preacher is swept round a corner and pushed and pulled along past a dark little medical school, a cross street, and a long hospital with a dimly lighted coloured statue of the Virgin aloft in a front gable. Over the way are a shadowy park with bare trees and a waterless basin, and beyond this some old public buildings. The Negro's once neat clothes are twisted, half pulled from him, and covered with dust and mud, his body is beaten, and his faith insulted; but in a voice grown a little hysterical, choked too by the hand of the policeman, he continues to declare his purpose. The policeman grips him from behind and rushes him along, the

other follows carrying the round black hat and half entreating, half commanding the curious crowd to keep off and go away. Then the captive is taken round another corner and in through the dark basement door of a public building. The second policeman follows and closes the door. Then all go away quickly except me.

I wait for a time; the tallest policeman comes out and goes away, and soon afterward the burly attacker with his parcel; they hurry off as if to make up lost time. And after an interval the little preacher comes himself, alone and somewhat put to rights; goes quietly back around the corner, past the hospital and medical school and the park and on toward the corner where he was taken. But he seems to consider his work for this night done, for he does not stop but picks his way across the street of business and starts off northward as if beginning a long journey. I follow him curiously for two kilometers or more, but at last, concluding from the way he looks about when he passes under the street lights that he suspects he is being followed, I turn off and go my way.

Next night he is at his corner again, with a large crowd about him this time, for it is the gay free night before the Sabbath when the people have their wages for the week. Crowds are entering and leaving the brothels; loud cheery talk sounds everywhere, in the dark and in the cold blue light of the street lamps; and coins fall steadily into the hat by the hydrant. A tall spectacled friend, well dressed in fur cap and greatcoat with fur collar, accompanies the little preacher tonight and treats him disdainfully; but just as before, with the same bright earnestness, the little man tells simply of his "mission," of God's laws and God's promises, and urges obedience to God. Without dismay, even with some zest, he speaks of last night: "Let em come an git me again," he says, "Ah'll be right back. They'll have to carry me though," he adds quickly. "I ain't gwine to fight em. That's what makes all the trouble, men, folks always a fightin'. You boys," he cries earnestly, "don't you ever go to fightin'; don't you ever go off to no war and kill folks. If they try to make you, don't you care. Let em do what they can, but don't you care. The Lord said, 'Don't do it!' He does not wish you to do it! An God'll

look after you. Jes you obey Him an don't you worry!"

Introducing his companion, he assures his audience that this is "a splendid speaker," and he listens eagerly to the other's halting, practiced: "Ah didn't expect to be called on to speak yeah this even"; and interpolates quick bright "Amen"s, "Yes, He will"s, and "Bless His Name"s during the exhortation that followed.

That night they are not attacked or molested.

But at a gathering of Negroes on a later night I see the same brisk strange little man standing unnoticed by himself at one side of the hall, and I go to him and assure him of my sympathy and tell him that I was present the night he was attacked. He passes over that hastily; it was nothing; he has had many such experiences; but when I ask him about himself he answers my questions obligingly, though with some diffidence. He knows nothing of his parents except that before the emancipation one or both were slaves; he has been taught scarcely anything; and has done hard work all his life. In his youth he joined a church and began to preach, but having come soon afterward to see the quality of churches and to be aware of his "mission," he travelled "north" and began to go about working and preaching. He belongs to no church and disapproves of all alike. He has no property, permitting himself nothing but poverty and labour. Already he is looked down upon as improvident by those who know him. His wife has left him, not relishing her lot with him, for they were forced always to lodge in the poorest parts of the towns they visited. The intolerance and hate of white Americans for Negro people made their lives harder than they would otherwise have been. Single rooms near small independent "missions houses," if there were any that suited, were their temporary homes; and from one such the wife went at last to visit at the town of Nashville in the distant state of Tennessee, and she has not come back. Her intention to do so was vague at her departure. Her husband has suffered a great deal through her desertion and has humbly and pitifully begged her by letter to return, but he has born her failure to do so and goes on with his work. He is not loved, nor even much liked by anyone, I find later; he and his preaching, his high standards, his belief, his self-reliance and

fearlessness, even his good temper, seem disquieting to others, irritating, a bore, something to escape.

During that year he remained in the city by the flood preaching and working at hard manual labour.

But the next winter, well along toward the end, there was an epidemic of pneumonia and my little apostle was stricken suddenly and removed to a cheerless public hospital. There, gasping and choking so horribly that it was almost impossible to watch him, he died the night of his arrival. Nothing but a rickety screen of wood and cloth separated him from a score of other sick men when he died. Next night, washed and dressed in its usual neat clothes, with white linen and a gay coloured cravat, the beautiful plump little figure lay in a hideous black coffin with cheap white lining in the lonely gloomy little mission house that he had found somewhere off on the northern edge of the town. Two or three people watched perfunctorily by the body; but though it was almost spring and the day had been wet, the place grew cold as the night waned, and became almost intolerably dismal and horrible.

The next day, when he was buried, was just such another old winter day, really a wet spring day. The low dirty white sky was heavy with the breath of the lakes; the air was thick with rain; and the filthy snow melted in corners and mingled its muddy dirty water with that which dripped in showers from the soaked and swollen black roofs. The motor vehicles, trams, cars, and the thousands of feet splashed the water onto the morose people, the buildings, and the shop windows. The Negro's wife, not much affected, arrived from Nashville in time to attend the service at the mission house and to go in the cortege to the cemetery.

I left the service early, and riding on various trams and walking part of the time, crossed the low flat scattered city to the great out-of-the-way cemetery off on the western edge where he was to be buried. This tract lies beyond a vast expanse of the dirty little wooden houses of the city, which stand wall to wall along endless monotonous streets; but it lies on the bank of a little winding stream that is tributary to the great one by which the city stands. High stone supports and black iron palings fence the great cemetery, which stretches away out of

sight among poor streets, roads, fields, and woods. Large parts of its surface have been covered with turf or diversified by small artificial mounds and slopes; but the turf is now gray and dead; the yellow sand shows through in many places; and the square stones, urns, painted iron benches, and unsubstantial looking tombs that stand in clusters, are tiny. In making the mounds the trunks of many of the trees were buried almost to the branches, and these trees look fat, stubby, and short-legged in the gray mist. A heavy odour of warm, salty grease hangs in the lower air, a suggestive stench from a factory for reducing fats somewhere in the neighborhood. There are winding macadam roads through the cemetery.

When I have waited a little while at a place which has recently been added for the graves of poor people, the great black motor coach, splashed with mud, appears suddenly out of the city and enters one of the large stone gates at the south-eastern corner. There is a stone lodge here, and a bell over the gates tolls briefly as the coach comes in. Then the vehicle follows a road parallel to a lonely bare wet red-paved street outside, in which long dingy trolley cars pass at intervals; and comes quickly to where I am. The sand here is entirely bare; the few old forest trees are neglected; and the graves lie in long close rows. They have no stones, but there are dead rotten flowers on some of the newest, fluttering dismally from cardboard frames wound with lead foil and adorned with letters of crinkly paper. Some graves have been covered with white cotton cloth fastened to the ground by pegs; but that is all. Ragged rotten brown leaves lie in the hollows of the sand, where brown weeds stand; and wet newspapers are blown about by the cold wind.

In this shabby somber place on the dun earth of the boundless lake country, beside the harsh ugly city in which he has been an unwelcome stranger, but under the great white sky, too, the body of the servant of God is to be laid.

The coach stops in the muddy road and the escort, all Negroes except the undertaker and his agile assistant, descend in the mist. Those who are to carry the coffin gather uncertainly, and with the assistance of the undertaker and his man take it down. Then an irregular procession is formed, the

bearers take off their hats, and slowly and stumbly all move off up the slope on a mat of tan jute with two red stripes that has been laid on the mud, and make their way among the graves. Shabby ordinary people in their greatcoats and hats of different colours, with their umbrellas and rubber storm shoes, no one of them is much moved as they creep with their dead man like tiny worms on the yellow sand beneath the sky. When the poor black coffin has been put down on the canvas bands of the wooden frame around the grave, all stand back quietly while something that I cannot hear at my distance is read or said. Some of the women sob out then. And the coffin descends slowly from sight into the damp yellow sand.

Out at a distance over the swampy fields beyond the stream, large black crows flap noisily around a lone tree; from a tiny locomotive on railway trackage far away white steam rises with a faint roar. The mist in the air is rapidly turning to falling rain.

After a short pause the party straggles back to the coach, some who have started first pausing to look at the other graves and the dead flowers. A few remain for a moment by the open grave looking down. But very soon all are again in their places and the coach is rolling away among the slopes. It passes out at the stone gate and back into the city. And then old German labourers, who have been waiting not far off, approach the grave rheumatically and set aside the few flowers that have been left on the pile of fresh sand, which is partly covered by a green waxed cloth and evergreen branches. They put on and screw down the lid of the new wooden overbox; earth is thrown in; and before the early gloomy rainy nightfall the grave of Brother Frank Burns, Servant of the Lord, is almost filled.

But I went from the place almost unmindful of the irony of what had happened, almost unmindful of the night and the mist and the vastness of the wet sky; so touching and agitating had been that fair bright vain dream, that pure and simple heart, advancing eager, strong, and radiant to conquer the menacing shadows of life and death.

WILLIAM JITRO

THE "ART SEASON"

TITLÉ lifted from line on cover of *The Arts*—"appearing monthly during the art season." Gunning, cloaks and suits and art. . . .

This is a review, not a criticism.

Criticism in New York is one of the allied fashion-designing trades. The art talk of the lay-intellectual is a radio of the fashion-art journals. Every smart journal has its Well-Dressed Man and its well-dressed artist feature. *The Dial* has Paul Rosenfeld.

The commercialization of music has made an oppression for the artist and a confusion for the public. Half-baked home talents and merely good performers who insist on being artists are belched before the public by advertising. But Art cleans up after itself, as nature does. Spurious reputations fade or meet violent deaths.

Elly Ney was the queen of the season's advertisement-made artists. Elly Ney at her sewing-machine, expressing the domestic emotions: or Mrs. Golem.

The Ballet Intime at the Town Hall and the Varese concerts were direct-to-the-consumer stunts. The Ballet was as much fun as a children's party. The audience: artists, friends of artists, and those who knowingly risked the "modern." The program tested no one's courage. Szymanowski, not modern at all in the modern sense, disturbed and irritated "lovers of music." Dean Paul's efforts are more related to feminine ectoplasm than to creation; Carpenter's slightly still-born. The Krazy Kat part of Krazy Kat was fascinating: a contribution to the literature of clowns. I should like to see it with Jerry Kern music and a negro Kat.

Varese and his Composers' Guild could have taken a pattern from the Ballet and lifted his concerts from the lugubrious. To present work that can not get a hearing elsewhere, to give the composer a chance, is his plan. There is no dynamic in the organization or presentation: it is only half a plan: the programs cautious, the general atmosphere that of being given under the auspices of poverty or of a penal institution.

Dynamics bring me to the Chicago Opera! Dynamics in this case and no plan. Mary Garden as Director drew in as much publicity as the War. The Chicago financiers failed her. Like true farmers they kept her doing chores about the endowment. They did nothing with the publicity. One new production ("The Three Oranges") and for the rest scenery that the vaudeville would reject. Progressive men with a vision who spend their money intelligently! Regard the placing of Jeritza by well-handled publicity. But as I said Art cleans up after itself. This blond wife and lady will last with the critics and the public about three years. With the artists she didn't appear at all.

Too many people enjoyed Chaliapine.

The great Orchestras are steadily playing themselves into oblivion.

There is a growth of seedling composers coming up in this country. Watch George Antheil.

Our so-called better theatres and our should-do better writers produced

aesthetic nullities all over the place.

The Theatre Guild bills didn't lure. The French plays were crimes of stupidity; "What the Public Wants" no one seemed to want; "Methuselah" was an endurance test to be avoided, but "He Who Gets Slapped" might have been a play had it been given a chance: Andreyeff would have been good enough for me. Was Mr. Bennett the only actor living at the time of the production? When the Guild has given Richard Bennett and Arnold Daly a chance they might get John Drew to do a skit for them.

The Provincetown Players will soon confine their bills to Glaspell and O'Neill. "The Verge" (Susan Glaspell) created frenzies of conversation among the fireside analysts. Freudians, behaviourists, and gland-sleuths all fought for the correct statement of the heroine. I think the glands should have her. She operated like a mad thymus.—Gene O'Neill's "Hairy Ape" is the working-man's "Verge."

This seemed to be the year when the good plain play swarmed—plays built on passing phases of the social structure. At the Neighbourhood, "Madras House": all problems, and all its little problems devitalized out of existence by a few years and one war. "The Pigeon" at the Greenwich Village, with the whole company in the true Sunday rhythm of Mr. Galsworthy. It is tiresome when a writer always chooses the extraordinary, but to be fatuous about the commonplace is christian.

"Ambush" opened and closed the problem of the self-supporting flapper. "Hindle Wakes" revived? at the Vanderbilt. Virtue disowned: now among ancient customs.

There is now and then a new adventure for those who want to be "up." "Chauve-Souris" at the 49th Street Theatre is great fun for everybody. An adolescent program: art student invention interspersed with Russian versions of Silver Threads among the Gold, colour, joy, simplicity, and clean work.

"Shuffle Along" long ago became the club of several well-known artists. No one who saw it saw it only once. Swing, swagger, rhythm, laughter, and sounds of another race. Through all the white-man-Broadway-buncome they show what they will do when they are really ready. There are negroes working on true negro operas.—Florence Mills has the voice of lunar oboes and the love songs of crocodiles.

Everything can be faced to see a clown: the froth of girls with Ed Wynn, the banalities of the Hippodrome for the Four Fun Makers, and the Circus indoors. The New York audience is the same at the circus as at Carnegie Hall. It sits stolidly before every manifestation except the endurance test. Only a lady acrobat flying around her arm socket for half an hour or the speed of a virtuoso can draw admiration and applause.

"The Kid" seems to have finished an epoch in the wistful Charlie's career. "Pay Day" is repetitious. There is the "Caligari" field to be explored. The entire aspect of today is in the work of the modern painters, poets, musicians. Chaplin could rescue himself that way.—The movies have produced for one public only until they have become their own afterbirth.

Undoubtedly all those who complain of John Quinn's "selfishness" dashed to the exhibitions at the Sculptors' Galleries. The three exhibitions were almost solidly from Mr. Quinn's collection.

Bouché under wanamaker surveillance pulled off some modern shows at the Belmaison. His own show at Daniel's: peevish amusement in paint.—Marin, etc., emphasize the fact that for some of us painting has ceased to express through the medium of Nature and the visible world.—Some of the painters are going in for camera creation and new forms of cinema: Sheeler, Duchamp, etc.

"Bogie" has a new book of poems "Introducing Irony" (Liveright). Bodenheim is apart from any group. His poems are only half of it: when not writing poetry he goes about disturbing the normal infatuations. He even holds a salon in the Village called "Thumbs Down." Published first in the *Little Review*.

Ezra Pound has gathered his recent work into a small volume called "Poems 1918-1921" (Liveright). Only Pound should review Pound.—Several weeks ago we received a note from Mrs. Ezra Pound (in Rodker's handwriting) announcing Ezra's death; also some phoney death masks. Whatever the hoax (?) as far as we are concerned Ezra will have to be satisfied to go on living.

Aldous Huxley in "Crome Yellow" (Doran) does the immediate generation as no outsider could do it.

Joyce's "Ulysses" in book form is as stupendous in size as it is in import.

The new style in "non-fiction" is chatty, with homebrew humour: Van Loon's "Story of Mankind": "Constantine, sometimes. (Heaven knows why) called Constantine the Great, was a terrible ruffian". . . .

—j.h.

ERRATA LIST FOR CÔTEAU'S "CAPE OF GOOD HOPE"

p 44	Read: familiar of ink	instead of	familiar ink
p 45	invaded		Invaded
p 45	goes		Goes
p 46	obstructs a plant		obstructs an
p 86	infallible		plant infallible
p 46	put in:		
	Let us unlime ourselves		
	from our dreams		
	the rye kernel		
p 47	Read: it is I		It is I
p 61	counting		couning
p 66	country		country
p 66	Yser		Year
p 68	of poppies		op poppies
p 69	and so that		and so that I
	David		David
p 70	that black wind		that back wind
p 73	I had found you out		I had founded you out
p 75	aviary		avay
p 77	herse		horse
p 77	to the Grand Canal		To the Grand Canal
p 77	where a naturally slow ox cart		where naturally slow ox cart
p 81	around		around
p 84	of a fabulous plague		of fabulous plague
p 84	heather		hester
p 85	ahead		a head
p 87	artificial		artifical

(Practically every one of the above errata appeared in the original type-written manuscript and are not due to careless proof-reading.—The editor.)

Four Books which we believe readers of THE LITTLE REVIEW

will wish to read

RAHAB

By WALDO FRANK

RAHAB will undoubtedly be attacked by the critical descendants of those who reviled Walt Whitman and by those who heard nothing but dissonances in the Wagner they now acclaim as the master melodist. But for all this departure from the usual, the elemental directness of this simple tale, its portrayal of varied contemporary types and of such living issues as the "double standard" and the interplay in our society of Gentile and Jew, mean only that Mr. Frank has made his art of the common stuff of everyday American life. It is the sober conviction of the publishers that RAHAB is the peer in significance and power of Flaubert's *Bovary*, Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot*, Hardy's *Tess*. In it the author of "Our America" and "The Dark Mother" reaches his full maturity. \$2.00

THE ENORMOUS ROOM

By E. E. CUMMINGS

John V. A. Weaver, in a recent review, writes: "When I took up 'The Enormous Room' I was fully prepared with smelling salts, morphine and sweet spirits of ammonia; any reaction might be expected. Any, I mean, except the one I got. Astounded pleasure. What on earth happened to Cummings? How did he ever write what is to me the most interesting book the war has produced? I give up. But there it is..... Cummings has recorded even more horrifying conditions than Dos Passos. But through and through his story is the never-failing joshing, laughing, kidding, joking in the sewer, as it were.....What a drama! Under the stress of confinement and misery, Cummings found something." \$2.00

INTRODUCING IRONY

By MAXWELL BODENHEIM

Burton Rascoe in The New York Tribune recommends this amazing book: "As being the most unusual and distinctive volume of poetry of the season; as being the second volume of a poet whom we find to be one of the five most interesting and original in America; as being a product of the most delicately balanced emotional and analytical minds we have encountered, and as containing a quality even more rare in poetry than it is in prose—authentic irony." \$2.00

POEMS, 1918-21

By EZRA POUND

Readers of The Little Review are among the intelligent minority of the population of the United States to whom Ezra Pound appeals. To them he needs no introduction. Here is his latest volume of poetry, full of the hard-headed brilliance, the terror, irony and polished beauty that has made Ezra Pound the great international literary figure that he is today. \$2.00
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Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, etc., required by the Act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of The Little Review, published quarterly at New York, N. Y., for April 1, 1922, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Margaret Anderson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Editor of The Little Review, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Managers, Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y. 2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.) Margaret Anderson, 27 W. 8th St., New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: none. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. Margaret Anderson, Sworn to and subscribed before me this 3rd day of April, 1922. James Bondy. [Seal.] (My commission expires March 30, 1923.)

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